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From the Spectator.

LIFE IN THE HUDSON'S BAY SERVICE.*

MR. BALLANTYNE is a young man, who in 1841 was appointed an "apprentice-clerk" of the Hudson's Bay Company; and, after voyaging to York Factory through ice in summer, remained in the territories of the great fur-traders till 1847, when he returned to England. During this interval he became acquainted with the routine of the Hudson's Bay business; made various journeys, from factory to factory, in the territory of the company lying between the 50th and 60th degrees of latitude; and passed his leisure hours in sporting excursions, in observing the habits of the Indians, or partaking of the rough, rollicking pleasures of the company's servants. As the term of his service approached its close, he made a long journey from Lake Winnipeg along the frontiers of Canada to Quebec, and thence down the St. Lawrence to the stations of Tadousac and Seven Islands—as comfortless places as one would wish an enemy to be in, especially the latter.

Hudson's Bay, or Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America, contains an account of Mr. Ballantyne's journeys and adventures during his six years' absence, some of the most remarkable incidents that occurred, sketches of the Indians and their customs, together with descriptions of his own hunting adventures or those of his friends, and the general results of his observation on the country and the service. From the novelty of the subject—very few but Arctic explorers entering the Hudson's Bay territories, and then only bestowing a passing glance upon the people—the matter is mostly new as well as informing. Mr. Ballantyne has some literary skill, and he appropriately varies his composition with his subject; the boyish excitement, the troubles of his voyage, the flat landscapes and level life of Hudson's Bay, are told in a manner very different from that which describes the Indian's night visit to his traps—the journeys by land and water—the bivouack—the Christmas festivities with the thermometer below zero, and the Indian stories with which the author varies his other matter. Still, the attraction of the book is greatly owing to the novelty of its subject. Mr. Ballantyne's style is somewhat literal; and the repetition of journeys, which, though they have an end, have no object for the reader after he becomes acquainted with the first descriptions of the manner of travel, infuse into the Hudson's Bay book a little of that monotony which seems very greatly to prevail in Hudson's Bay life. Perhaps, too, the narratives

are somewhat overdone. We might have spared the details of that last journey from Lake Winnipeg to Tadousac; and the adventures afterwards are only redeemed from tedium by their hardships and dangers.

One of the most valuable parts of the book is that devoted to an exposition of the character, economy, and management of the service; for it presents in a brief compass a good deal of useful information. The standard and money of the company seem to be a beaver represented by a counter of wood. It is to be observed, however, that the Hudson's Bay issues are immediately returned upon them; the whole trade with the Indians being a barter, and the tokens a mere substitute for accounts.

THE MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE.

Trade is carried on with the natives by means of a standard valuation, called in some parts of the country a *castor*. This is to obviate the necessity of circulating money, of which there is little or none excepting in the colony of Red River. Thus an Indian arrives at a fort with a bundle of furs, with which he proceeds to the Indian trading-room. There the trader separates the furs into different lots, and, valuing each at the standard valuation, adds the amount together, and tells the Indian (who has been gazing all the time at the procedure with great interest and anxiety) that he has got fifty or sixty castors; at the same time he hands the Indian fifty or sixty little bits of wood in lieu of cash, so that the latter may know, by returning these in payment of the goods for which he really exchanges his skins, how fast his funds are decreasing. The Indian then proceeds to look round upon the bales of cloth, powder-horns, guns, blankets, knives, &c., with which the shop is filled; and after a good while makes up his mind to have a small blanket. This being given him, the trader tells him that the price is six castors; the purchaser hands back six of his little bits of wood, and proceeds to select something else. In this way he goes on till all his wooden cash is expended; and then, packing up his goods, departs to show his treasures to his wife, and another Indian takes his place. The value of a castor is from one to two shillings. The natives generally visit the establishments of the company twice a year—once in October, when they bring in the produce of their autumn hunts, and again in March, when they come in with that of the great winter hunt.

The number of castors that an Indian makes in a winter hunt varies from fifty to two hundred, according to his perseverance and activity, and the part of the country in which he hunts. The largest amount I ever heard of was made by a man called Piquata-Kiscum, who brought in furs on one occasion to the value of two hundred and sixty castors. The poor fellow was soon afterwards poisoned by his relatives, who were jealous of his superior abilities as a hunter, and envied him for the favor shown him by the white men.

* *Hudson's Bay, or Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America*, during six years' residence in the territories of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company; with Illustrations. By Robert M. Ballantyne.

ASCENDING RAPIDS.

Rapid after rapid was surmounted; yet still, as we rounded every point and curve, rapids and falls rose, in apparently endless succession, before our wearied eyes. My Indians, however, knew exactly the number they had to ascend; so they set themselves manfully to the task. I could not help admiring the dexterous way in which they guided the canoe among the rapids. Upon arriving at one, the old Indian, who always sat in the bow, (this being the principal seat in canoe travelling,) rose up on his knees, and stretched out his neck to take a look before commencing the attempt; and then, sinking down again, seized his paddle, and pointing significantly to the chaos of boiling waters that rushed swiftly past us, (thus indicating the route he intended to pursue to his partner in the stern,) dashed into the stream. At first we were borne down with the speed of lightning, while the water hissed and boiled to within an inch of the gunwale, and a person unaccustomed to such navigation would have thought it folly our attempting to ascend; but a second glance would prove that our Indians had not acted rashly. In the centre of the impetuous current a large rock rose above the surface, and from its lower end a long eddy ran like the tail of a comet for about twenty yards down the river. It was just opposite this rock that we entered the rapid and paddled for it with all our might. The current, however, as I said before, swept us down; and when we got to the middle of the stream, we just reached the extreme point of the eddy, and after a few vigorous strokes of the paddles were floating quietly in the lee of the rock. We did not stay long, however—just long enough to look for another stone; and the old Indian soon pitched upon one a few yards higher up, but a good deal to one side; so, dipping our paddles once more, we pushed out into the stream again, and soon reached the second rock. In this way, yard by yard, did we ascend for miles; sometimes scarcely gaining a foot in a minute, and at others, as a favoring bay or curve presented a long piece of smooth water, advancing more rapidly. In fact, our progress could not be likened to anything more aptly than to the ascent of a salmon as he darts rapidly from eddy to eddy, taking advantage of every stone and hollow that he finds; and the simile may be still further carried out; for as the salmon is sometimes driven back tail foremost in attempting to leap a fall, so were we in a similar attempt driven back by the overpowering force of the water. It happened thus. We had surmounted a good many rapids, and made a few portages, when we arrived at a perpendicular fall of about two feet in height, but from the rapidity of the current it formed only a very steep shoot. Here the Indians paused to breathe, and seemed to doubt whether it was possible to ascend; however, after a little conversation on the subject, they determined to try it, and got out their poles for the purpose, poles being always used when the current is too strong for the paddles. We now made a dash, and turning the bow to the current, the Indians fixed their poles firmly in the ground, while the water rushed like a mill-race past us. They then pushed forward, one keeping his pole fixed while the other refixed his a little more ahead. In this way we advanced inch by inch, and had almost got up; the water rushed past us in a thick black body, hissing sharply in passing the side of our canoe, which trembled like a reed before the powerful current; when suddenly the pole of the Indian in

the stern slipped, and almost before I knew what had happened, we were floating down the stream about a hundred yards below the fall. Fortunately the canoe went stern foremost, so that we got down in safety. Had it turned round even a little in its descent, it would have been rolled over and over like a cask. Our second attempt proved more successful; and, after a good deal of straining and puffing, we arrived at the top; where the sight of a longer stretch than usual of calm and placid water rewarded us for our exertions during the day.

From the Spectator.

BYRNE'S TWELVE YEARS' WANDERINGS IN THE BRITISH COLONIES.

MR. BYRNE has been "wandering" for the last twelve years through the British colonies of the southern hemisphere, and has turned his experience to account in the form of two goodly octavos. The reasons he gives for publication are, that most other books on colonies and emigration are devoted to some single settlement; or are written by persons with insufficient information, or who have some ulterior objects that prevent them from truly advising upon the question—which is the best colony to go to? Mr. Byrne, on the other hand, brings together in one work New Zealand, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, Port Phillip, South Australia, and Swan River. He also vouches for his own practical knowledge, the extent of his experience, and the soundness of his advice.

The value of *Twelve Years' Wanderings in the British Colonies* is scarcely equal to the time it has cost and the space it occupies. If not brought together in one book, probably the substance of Mr. Byrne's facts and information has been already published on various occasions; as regards form, he pursues the usual routine of books on the colonies—a history of the settlement, done in encyclopædic style; its statistics, exhibited pretty much after the same fashion; and then, a general account of the capabilities and customs of the country, with the character of its people for morality, honesty, manners, and other social characteristics; winding up with the *pros* and *cons* in favor of emigration or against it. And we may here state, that Southern or Western Australia (Swan River) are the only two colonies that Mr. Byrne's description would induce one to settle at. New Zealand he represents as unfavorable to the reception of members, from the mountainous nature of the country and the cost of clearing. New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land are objectionable on moral grounds; Mr. Byrne repeating, with additions, the pictures of Mudie's "Felony of New South Wales;" but sometimes, perhaps, in each case, crimes, peculiar to individuals, and such as may be matched at home, are attributed to the country—although honesty and morals are no doubt as bad as well can be. The advantages of Australia Felix in point of climate and society are superior to either of its neighbors; but its close vicinity to the old penal settlements favors an influx of the felony leaven. South and Western Australia

form the respectability of Australasia; and probably the west has the advantage in society, if not in riches. It has more of an old county cast—Cheshire or Shropshire against Lancashire.

The compilation of matter almost as common as the materials of an almanac, or general views by a mind not very competent to form them, although the principal part of this book, are not the whole. Mr. Byrne undertook an overland journey from New South Wales to South Australia, on a cattle speculation, in the early days of that trade, and gives an account of the expedition. He has experienced several colonial adventures, which he narrates; and he occasionally exhibits particular observations in the form of an anecdote to support a general conclusion. Here is one.

THEATRICALS AT SYDNEY.

General society cannot be said to exist there, particularly in the shape of public balls, réünions, and concerts, when you may expect to find the person on your right hand a murderer—him on the left, a burglar. The theatre is even avoided by respectable families for this reason; as in all probability the box next that which you occupy may be tenanted by a family whose seniors have borne chains, or have graduated in the Paramatta convict factories.

The writer was once present on a command night, that is—when the governor has specially intimated his intention of being present, and patronizing a particular piece: this was an exciting occasion, as his excellency but seldom indeed extended his countenance to the theatre. The governor's box was fitted up specially for the occasion; the box next was occupied by the commander-in-chief and his family; whilst the adjoining one was tenanted by a wealthy linen-draper, his wife, and two marriageable daughters. The father of this family had, some ten years before, been convicted of a mail-coach robbery, and transported for life; his wife had followed him to the colony, with the large produce of the robbery, set up the drapery business on her own account, and got her husband assigned to her as her convict servant! A few years passed on; the convict obtained a ticket of leave, then a conditional pardon, allowing his freedom in the colony, but not permitting him to leave it. By degrees, the produce of the mail adventure was developed, and the convict draper became a wealthy man, making his appearance wherever money was the introducer. Except on such occasions as a command night, the Sydney theatre is almost abandoned by the families of respectability, and surrendered to the occupation of young men and the families of Emancipists. The proprietor of the Sydney theatre is a person of this class, as is also its manager; both of whom drive about in their gaudily decorated carriages.

When the neighboring houses are on fire, the proprietors of those which have not "caught" have little time or disposition to attend to suggestions for improvements on their properties. Something like this is the present state of the public mind; otherwise, we might have raised several points in connection with Mr. Byrne's volumes, especially as regards his objections to the upset price of land in New South Wales, and the mis-

management and incapacity so conspicuous in all our colonial matters, but in few more so than in the regulation of emigration, by which the colony is starved at one time for want of hands, and at another overwhelmed with *unsuitable* labor.

THE BOAT HORN.

BY GEN. WM. O. BUTLER.

O, BOATMAN! wind that horn again,
For never did the list'ning air
Upon its joyous bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
What though thy notes are sad and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
I've loitered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's brink of flowers,
While some lone boatman from the deck
Poured his soft numbers to that tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes ride!
Delighted Nature drank the sound,
Enchanted Echo bore it round
In whispers soft and softer still,
From hill to plain and plain to hill,
Till e'en the thoughtless, frolic boy,
Elate with hope and wild with joy,
Who gambolled by the river's side,
And sported with the fretting tide,
Felt something new pervade his breast,
Change his light step, repress his jest,
Bent o'er the flood his eager ear
To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
Drank the sweet draught, but knew not why
The tear of rapture filled his eye.
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, simple and lone
As on the ravished ear they fell,
Bound every sense in magic spell?
There is a tide of feeling given
To all on earth, its fountain heaven,
Beginning with the dewy flower,
Just oped in Flora's vernal bower—
Rising creation's orders through
With louder murmur, brighter hue—
That tide is sympathy! its ebb and flow
Gives life its hues, its joy and woe.
Music, the master-spirit that can move
Its waves to war, or lull them into love—
Can cheer the sinking sailor mid the wave,
And bid the soldier on! nor fear the grave—
Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,
And elevate his soul to claim his God.
Then, boatman! wind that horn again!
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What though they wake fond memory's tear!
Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her chosen guest.

From the North British Review.

1. *Etudes sur les Réformateurs Contemporains*. Par LOUIS REYBAUD. Paris, 1840.
2. *Organization du Travail*. Par LOUIS BLANC. Paris, 1839. Cinquième édition, Augmentée, 1848.
3. *Lettres au Peuple*. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris, 1848.
4. *The NATIONAL—French Newspaper*. March, 1848.
5. *Louis Blanc on the Working Classes, with a Refutation of his destructive Plan*. By JAMES WARD. London, 1848.

THAT the set of opinions brought forth into action by the recent revolution in France is something totally different from the now common-place republicanism with which the revolution of 1789 deluged Europe, must already be sufficiently clear to all who have paid any attention to the accounts that have been reaching us from Paris for the last two months.

This, indeed, is what any well-instructed person will have been prepared to expect. It has never yet been seen that any great social crisis was a mere repetition of that which preceded it. Always, in every crisis, there are involved new principles, new germs, accumulated in the mind of society since the last epoch of a similar nature, and which, seizing the current opportunity—if indeed they have not created it—spring forth into expanded activity, dominate over the crisis, and give it its special significance and character. If, then, this new revolution in France be, as the fears of some, the hopes of others, and the anxieties of all bespeak it—nay, as its train of already achieved consequences proves it to be—a real crisis for all Europe; it follows, according to all analogy, that it contains new seeds, and that the condition of society which it will ultimately evolve, will be unlike any yet known.

What, then, are the new seeds contained in this *third*, or as it is now customary, in contempt of the transactions of July, 1830, to say, this *second* French revolution? A mighty question, which the future alone can fully answer, but in connection with which one or two things may even now be said! It is always possible to infer something regarding the direction which a political movement will assume, by observing what are the speculations abroad in society at the time, and which, possessing the leading minds, are likely, to some extent at least, to be embodied in the new system of things. What, then, are the ideas at present most powerful in the mind of the French nation? the ideas, that is, which engage in a special manner its most active intellects, and are by them most sedulously diffused among the people? To this question a partial answer has already been furnished in the frequent, but somewhat blind, allusions in our newspapers to "communism," "communist doctrines," &c., as being now very prevalent in French society, and as having disciples among the very men who have acted the most prominent part in the revolution. On examining more closely, it is found that in these newspaper allusions the word

"communism" is used as a vague designation for a variety of political and social theories now abroad in France, all of them characterized, it would appear, by a vehement repugnance, in some cases intellectual, in others sentimental, to the doctrines of Adam Smith and Malthus, and all of them aiming at a grand result, which they term "the reorganization of labor," and sometimes also, more generally, "the reorganization of society." To expound the more remarkable of these theories, and to collect such facts as may tend to show how far they are likely to affect the course of events in France, are the objects of the present article.

It is now upwards of thirty years since Claude-Henri, Comte de Saint-Simon, began to promulgate in France those views which have since become so famous under the name of *Saint-Simonianism*. Born at Paris, the 17th October, 1760, of a family one of the most distinguished of the old French noblesse, and which traced its descent to Charlemagne, through the Counts de Vermandois, Saint-Simon inherited, as much as any man of his generation, those qualities, which high pedigree confers. His grandfather, the Duc de Saint-Simon, was one of the most noted of those aristocratic figures that moved so gracefully in the court of Louis XIV. His father, however, having lost the ducal title and property, Saint-Simon began life from a somewhat lower elevation than that to which his name entitled him. After having received a general education under D'Alembert, and other masters, he followed the course usual at that time for young Frenchmen of family, and in the year 1777 joined the army which was sent by Louis XVI. to assist the American insurgents against the British crown.

Inheriting in large degree a certain restlessness and eccentricity which was characteristic of his family, Saint-Simon, even in early youth, was buoyed up by a persuasion that he was to play a great part in the world. When he was in his 17th year his servant was instructed to awake him every morning with these words—"Levez-vous, Monsieur le Comte, vous avez de grandes choses à faire." For a young Frenchman bent on "grandes choses," America was scarcely the field; and after having served under Washington and Bouillé, as well as travelled in a private capacity in various parts of the continent, especially in Mexico, where he attempted to interest the viceroy in a scheme for uniting the two oceans by rendering navigable the river Partido, he was glad to return to France. Here, in the enjoyment of the rank of colonel, which was at that time conferred on young noblemen as an honorary sinecure, he continued to live at court without seeking any opportunity of active service. "My vocation," he says, "was not to be a soldier; I was inclined to a mode of activity quite different, and, I may say, opposite. To study the march of the human spirit, in order, eventually, to labor for the advancement of civilization; such was the end which I proposed to myself."

In 1785, having been left his own master by his father's death two years before, he visited Hol-

land; and in the following year he went to Spain. Availing himself there of the influence which his position afforded, he pressed on public notice various projects of a practical character. One of these, concerted between him and Cabarrus, then director of the Bank of St. Charles, afterwards minister of finance, was a project for uniting Madrid with the sea, by means of a canal. This scheme failed for want of encouragement from the Spanish government; in another scheme, however, for establishing a system of stage-coaches in Andalusia—the first experiment of the kind in Spain—he was more successful. In these attempts at improvement in a foreign country, one sees that passion for rectification at all times and places which is the genuine characteristic of those whom the world call reformers. What Saint-Simon attempted on a small scale in Spain, the celebrated Count Rumford accomplished on a much larger, in Bavaria. Both were men of the same stamp. In Saint-Simon, however, as was proved by his subsequent career, the passion for rectification was infinitely deeper and more frantic than in Count Rumford. Beginning with proposals for constructing canals, and establishing systems of diligences for the benefit of provincial traffic, it was to go on increasing by exercise, and becoming more and more conscious of itself, until at length it was to grapple expressly, daringly, and even ostentatiously, with the wrongs of humanity itself.

Saint-Simon returned to his native country in 1789, immediately before the outbreak of the great revolution. He took no part, he says, in the stirring events which followed, but stood by as a mere spectator. Nobleman as he was, his sympathies were probably more with the republicans than with the royalists in the struggle. At all events, bent on schemes of his own, his interest in which was stronger than any aristocratic regrets of the hour, he did not hesitate, in partnership with a Prussian nobleman, Count de Redern, whose acquaintance he had made in Spain, to purchase a large quantity of the confiscated national lands from the revolutionary government. The funds were to be employed on his part in founding "a great scientific school, and a great industrial establishment;" but when, after the fall of Robespierre, the property was at length realized, this project was frustrated by a quarrel between him and his partner, which ended in his accepting from the latter the net sum of 144,000 livres (£6800) in lieu of all his claims. This took place in 1797. "Peculiarly," said Saint-Simon, commenting on the transaction afterwards, "I was the dupe of Redern."

Upon his little fortune of £6800 as a basis, Saint-Simon, now in his thirty-eighth year, was to build a vast life! His passion for a career had begun to assume a more definite shape. To lead mankind into a new path of activity, the nature of which, however, he could as yet only faintly indicate to himself by the descriptive adjective of "physico-political," applied to it by anticipation—this seemed an enterprise worthy of his toil

But, first, he must qualify himself for his great task by a course of universal education. Of this education the first part must be technical and theoretical; that is, he must first thoroughly acquire and master all those contemporary scientific generalities in which the entire knowledge of the race was condensed and formulized. True, he is no longer young; "his brain has lost its malleability;" still, as being rich and resolute, he possesses advantages on the other side; nor in the mind of an old pupil of D'Alembert could the necessary elementary notions be entirely wanting. Accordingly, taking up his residence near the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and cultivating, on purpose, the intimate personal acquaintance of the professors, he devoted his whole attention for three years, according to his own methods and convenience, and with all the appliances that money could purchase, to the study of the physical sciences—mathematics, astronomy, general physics, and chemistry. Satisfied with his progress in these, he removed in 1801 to the neighborhood of the *Ecole de Médecine*, in order, in a similar manner, to add to his stock of ideas regarding inorganic nature, all the general notions that were attainable regarding organized bodies. Here, accordingly, in the company of eminent intellects, he traversed the whole field of physiological science.

Having thus imbibed and made his own all the contemporary scientific thought of France, it was necessary for him, according to his plan, to visit England and Germany, lest, in either country, any ideas should be lurking, of decided European value, although France had not recognized them. He was disappointed. "From England," he says, "I brought back the certainty, that its inhabitants were not directing their scientific labors to any general end, and had at that time no new capital idea on hand." The Germans, on the other hand, he "surprised in the midst of their mystical philosophy—the true infant-stage of all general science." Thus, seeing that the two great Teutonic countries could furnish him with no idea out of the circle of fundamental scientific principles, which had been accessible to him in France, he considered himself justified in concluding that, in having made those principles fully his own, he had taken in the entire essence of all the contemporary thought of the world.

To the mass of formal or theoretical knowledge which Saint-Simon had acquired by his method of systematic contact with all those of his contemporaries who made thinking or generalization their profession, it behoved him, according to his prescribed plan, to add something else before he could regard his training as complete. This was experience, properly so called; that is, the actual realization in his own person of the whole range of human idiosyncrasies and emotions. Now as the former portion of his education had been compassed by study, so this could only be compassed by *experimentation*; that is, by the voluntary assumption for scientific purposes of all those situations in which any new set of feelings could

be obtained. He resolved, therefore, to lead for several years a life of systematic experimentation, in order that, as by his previous course of universal study he had digested the whole mass of known scientific truths, and as it were placed himself at the point of highest theoretic generality attained by the race, so now, by this other method, he might break down the limitations which circled him in as a nobleman and a Frenchman, fraternize emotionally with all sorts of men, and be able at last to come forth a genuine epitome of all human sensation.

His first experiment—confessed by himself to have been such, was that of marriage. The lady he chose for his wife was Mademoiselle de Champgrand, the daughter of one of his companions in arms during the American war. "I wished to use marriage," he says, "as a means for studying the *savants*; a thing which appeared to me necessary for the execution of my enterprise; for, in order to improve the organization of the scientific system, it is not sufficient merely to know well the situation of human knowledge; it is necessary, also, to seize the effect which the cultivation of science produces on those who devote themselves to it; it is necessary to appreciate the influence which this occupation exercises over their passions, over their spirit, over the *ensemble* of their moral constitution, and over its separate parts." The matrimonial relation seems, in the case of Saint-Simon, to have resented the indignity thus put upon it. After a few years he and his wife were separated by a divorce procured by mutual consent. Childless by the first marriage, Madame de Saint-Simon soon afterwards contracted a second.

Both during and after his marriage, Saint-Simon continued to pursue, in the most indefatigable manner, his prescribed career of experimentation. Balls, dinners, and experimental evening-parties followed each other, says his biographer, in rapid succession; every new situation that money could create was devised and prepared; good and evil were confounded; play, discussion, debauch, were alike gone into; the experience of years was crushed into a short space; even old age was artificially realized by medicaments; and, that the loathsome might not be wanting, this enthusiast for the universal, would inoculate himself with prevalent contagious diseases. It was probably when theorizing retrospectively on this period of his life that Saint-Simon afterwards drew up the following scheme of what he conceived to be a model human existence:—"First, To spend one's vigorous youth in a manner the most original and active possible; 2dly, To gain a knowledge of all human theories and practices; 3dly, To mingle with all classes of society, placing one's self in all possible situations, and even creating situations that do not exist; and, 4thly, To spend one's old age in resuming one's observations and in establishing principles." With regard to the violation of established rules of morality necessarily involved in the reckless experimentation prescribed by this scheme, he observes characteristically, "If I see a man

who is not launched on the career of general science frequenting houses of play and debauch, and not shunning with the most scrupulous care the society of persons of notorious immorality, I say, Behold a man going to perdition; he is born under an evil star; the habits which he is contracting will debase him in his own eyes, and will, consequently, render him supremely despicable. But if this man is under the direction of theoretical philosophy; if the object of his researches is to lay down the true line of demarcation which ought to separate actions, and class them into good and bad; if he is compelling himself to discover the means for curing those maladies of the human intelligence which cause us to follow paths that lead us away from happiness; then I say, This man runs the career of vice in a direction which will conduct him necessarily to the highest virtue."

If comment were necessary on this sweeping doctrine, one might point out the vicious confusion, characteristic of the Utilitarian Philosophy which it involves, of the two distinct categories of the *Quid est* and the *Quid oportet*: the latter, through the transitional equivalent of the *Quid prodest*, being reduced to a mere department of the former, and so made amenable to the ordinary method of scientific induction; a method, according to which, the universal moral law would be a mere generalization from the mass of the accumulated past experience of our race—European, Asiatic, African, and American. "Do the law, and thou shalt know the doctrine," is the maxim directly antagonistic. Besides, what becomes of the so-called poetic faculty, if thus, in order to know a thing, we must actually go into the midst of it, with hands, eyes, and feet? If this poetic faculty is not a hallucination, what is it but that Shakespearian something implanted in a man, by which, living strongly his own simple course, chalked out for him by his native impulses and his felt duties, he can yet keep company with kings, knaves, heroes, and dead men, and walk wind-like all-licensed over the whole earth?

The prescribed course of experimentation ended about the year 1807, when, having spent all his money, Saint-Simon found himself, at the age of forty-seven, in a condition of abject poverty. This, too, however, was experience; and, in order to earn his bread, the grandson of the proudest courtier of Louis XIV. did not refuse the post of clerk in a *Mont de Piété*, or government pawnbroking establishment, which, with a salary of 1000 francs (£40) a year, was offered him in 1808 by the Comte de Ségur, to whom he had applied for some situation. In this post he continued for about six months, after which he was indebted for lodging and subsistence to the charity of a former acquaintance named Diard. On Diard's death, in 1812, he was again thrown adrift upon Paris. Living in the most miserable manner, often without fire, and with bread and water for his only fare, he was yet upheld, he says, "by his passion for science, and his desire peaceably to terminate the terrible crisis in which European society is involved."

Strange spectacle in modern times, a man living on, solitary and poor, in a wretched metropolitan lodging—not maturing a specific scientific discovery, perfecting a mechanical invention, or completing a literary work, for any of which there were not wanting precedents; but nourishing within him, under the form of a French egotism, an almost oriental belief that some how or other he was about to accomplish a direct social mission! A belief similar to this is, indeed, usually generated in eminent men by the heat and fever of incessant action among their fellows; but rarely, as in Saint-Simon, has it been seen existing as a purely intuitive egotism, antecedent to all activity, and demanding explicitly its own verification.

Meanwhile, if Saint-Simon was to accomplish a mission, it was certainly time that he should be setting about it. Already in his fifty-second year, he had surely entered on that stage of life in which, according to his own scheme, he should be resuming his observations. Accordingly, in 1812, precisely at the period when his circumstances were most wretched, he gave to the world his first publication, under the title of “Letters from an Inhabitant of Geneva to his Contemporaries.” The theme of the first of these letters was the social condition of men who, like himself, belonged to the intelligential, as distinguished from the industrial, class. “Open,” he said, “a subscription before the tomb of Newton; subscribe all indiscriminately, each whatever sum he pleases. Let each subscriber name three mathematicians, three mechanical philosophers, three chemists, three physiologists, three literary men, three painters, three musicians, &c. Renew the subscription every year, and divide the sum raised among the three mathematicians, the three mechanical philosophers, the three chemists, the three physiologists, the three literary men, the three painters, the three musicians, &c., who have obtained most votes; and, by this means, men of genius will enjoy a recompense worthy of themselves, and of you.” In these letters, more valuable, it will be perceived, for the general modes of conception which they threw abroad than for any practical recommendations which they contained, Saint-Simon first announced that peculiar distinction between the spiritual and temporal orders which pervades his whole social philosophy.—“The spiritual power in the hands of the *savans*; the temporal power in the hands of the men of property; the power of naming the individuals called to perform the functions of leaders, in the hands of the masses; for salary to the governing class, the consideration which they receive.” Such was the compendium of the Saint-Simonian politics.

After the “Letters from Geneva,” the next work of Saint-Simon was his “Introduction to the Scientific Labors of the 19th Century,” written in the form of an answer to Napoleon’s famous question addressed to the Institute—“Give me an account of the progress of science since 1789; tell me its present state, and what are the means to be employed for its advancement.” In this work Saint-Simon criticises the existing state of science,

denounces the intellectual anarchy prevalent, and indicates the course by which he thinks clearness and order may be evolved.

The Restoration, favorable as it was on the whole to Frenchmen of old families, brought no increase of prosperity to a dreamer like Saint-Simon. About this time, however, it was, that there began to gather round him as pupils, those men of general views and ardent temperament, most of them then mere youths, in whom his spirit and influence were to survive. His first, and, as it has proved, his most constant disciple, was M. Olinde Rodrigues, a young student of Jewish extraction. To him succeeded two men destined to a still greater celebrity, M. Augustin Thierry, and M. Auguste Comte. The interchange of his ideas with these pupils in private discourse, seems to have assisted Saint-Simon greatly in the task of digesting his system and shaping it for practical purposes. The pupils, too, were no ordinary men, and contributed their labors, each according to his taste and faculty. It was in conjunction with Thierry that Saint-Simon prepared his third work of any consequence, which appeared under the following title: “The Reorganization of European Society; or on the necessity and the means of uniting the Peoples of Europe into one body-politic, preserving to each its own nationality; by Henri Saint-Simon, and Augustin Thierry, his pupil. Paris, 1814.”

It was, however, in the year 1819, that Saint-Simon first gave forth, in the form of a small pamphlet, or rather squib, entitled, “Parabole,” those conceptions regarding the place of the industrial classes in society on which his title to intellectual originality principally rests. Of this striking brochure the following is an abstract:—

Let us suppose that France suddenly loses her fifty best mechanical philosophers, her fifty best chemists, her fifty best physiologists, her fifty best mathematicians, her fifty best poets, her fifty best painters, her fifty best sculptors, her fifty best musicians, her fifty first literary men, her fifty best mechanicians, her fifty best civil and military engineers, her fifty best artillerymen, her fifty best architects, her fifty best physicians, her fifty best surgeons, her fifty best druggists, her fifty best seamen, her fifty best watchmakers, her fifty first bankers, her two hundred first merchants, her six hundred first agriculturists, her fifty best smiths, &c., &c., &c., in all the 3000 first *savants*, artists, and artisans of France.

As these men are really the most productive Frenchmen, they are the flower of French society; they are, of all Frenchmen, the most useful to their country, those who gain it most glory, and who most advance its civilization and prosperity. The nation would become an inanimate body the instant it lost them; it would instantly fall beneath the nations that are its rivals, and it would remain subaltern to them until it had repaired its loss, regained its brain. It would take France at least a generation to make good such a misfortune; for men who distinguish themselves in labors of positive utility are real anomalies, and nature is not prodigal of anomalies, especially those of this kind.

Let us pass to another supposition. Let us

imagine that France retains all the above, but has the misfortune to lose, on one day, *Monsieur*, the king's brother, Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, Monseigneur the Duke d'Orléans, Monseigneur the Duke de Bourbon, Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême, Madame the Duchess de Berry, Madame the Duchess d'Orléans, Madame the Duchess de Bourbon, and Mademoiselle de Condé; at the same time also, all the great officers of the crown, all the ministers of state, all the counsellors of state, all the masters of requests, all the marshals, all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars and canons, all the prefects and sub-prefects, all the *employés* in the government-offices, all the judges, and, with them, the 10,000 richest proprietors of those who live sumptuously.

This accident would certainly grieve the French, because they are a good people, and because they could not see with indifference the sudden disappearance of so great a number of their fellow-countrymen. But this loss of 30,000 individuals, reputed the most important in the state, would cause chagrin only in a point of view purely sentimental; for there would not result therefrom any political evil. It would be easy to replace the persons missing. In the first place, there are a great number of Frenchmen in a condition to execute the functions of the king's brother; many capable of filling the rank of princes as suitably as Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, &c. Then the ante-chambers of the *château* are full of courtiers ready to occupy the places of the great crown-officers; the army possesses hundreds of military men, as good captains as our present marshals. How many clerks there are worth our ministers of state! men of business fitter to manage the affairs of the departments than the prefects and sub-prefects now in office! advocates as good jurisconsults as our judges! *curés* as capable as our cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars, and canons! As for the 10,000 proprietors, living sumptuously, their heirs would not require much apprenticeship to enable them to perform the honors of their *salons* as well as themselves.

Paragraphs so pungent as the above, with the conclusion appended to them, that society was in a state of utter confusion and required reorganization, naturally gave offence in high quarters; and a prosecution was instituted against the author, which, however, terminated in an acquittal. The peculiar value of a pamphlet so slight as the *Parabole*, as connected with the history of Saint-Simon is, that in it he first asserted in language level to the popular apprehension, the superiority of the industrial classes in society, and his idea that their interests should be the peculiar care of the political system.

The doctrines of the *Parabole* were more fully developed and more methodically expounded in subsequent works; particularly in one entitled "*Catéchisme des Industriels*." In this work, he takes a retrospective view of the course of French history, dividing it into several epochs, and showing what interests were predominant in each. Then, having established these two propositions—1st, That the industrial classes (including in that designation all who live by labor of any kind) are the most useful to society; and, 2d, That the proportion of these classes to the rest of society

has been continually increasing with the advance of civilization; he proceeds to predict the downfall of the existing military and feudal *régime*, and the establishment in its stead of a new or industrial *régime*; that is, of a political system in which not only shall the predominant interests be those of industry, but the administration itself shall be in the hands of the industrial class. It was also announced by Saint-Simon in this *Catéchisme*, that there was in preparation a work in which its views were to be fortified and completed—an exposition, namely, of "the scientific system and the system of education," that were to correspond with the new or industrial era. "This work," he says, "of which we have laid down the basis, and of which we have entrusted the execution to our pupil Auguste Comte, will expound the industrial system *a priori*, while here we expound it *a posteriori*." The fulfilment of the promise came out at length in M. Comte's "*Système de Politique Positive*," a work with which Saint-Simon, however, was only partially satisfied. It expounded the generalities of his system, he said, only as they appeared from the Aristotelian point of view; the religious and sentimental aspect being overlooked. Nevertheless, such as it was, the work, he said, was the best that had yet been written on general politics. How thoroughly, at all events, M. Comte had imbibed his master's notion regarding the *avenir* of the industrial classes, may be perceived from the large space which this notion occupies in that part of his great independent work, the "*Cours de Philosophie Positive*," which it devoted to sociology.

Saint-Simon's success with the public, meanwhile, was very disproportionate to the earnestness with which he preached his views. Some new pupils had, indeed, been added to his little college, of whom the most distinguished were MM. Bazard and Enfantin; but beyond this intimate circle of sanguine young men, all society was sluggish and indifferent. Poor, obscure, and neglected, usually, he says, he bore up well; "his esteem for himself always increasing in proportion to the injury he did to his reputation." Once, however, on the 9th of March, 1823, his resolution gave way, and he fired a pistol at his own head. The wound was not fatal; and, with the loss of an eye, Saint-Simon returned to the world, to live yet a little longer in it.

And now came the closing stage of his extraordinary career. Resuming all his general ideas in science and in politics, and impregnating the whole mass with a higher and warmer element than he had yet been master of, he, the one-eyed and disfigured valetudinarian, was to bequeath to the world as the total result of his life and labors, a New Religion! This he did in his "*Nouveau Christianisme*," which may be regarded as the summary of Saint-Simonianism by Saint-Simon himself. In this work the ruling idea is that Christianity is a great progressive system, rolling, as it were, over the ages, acting at all times on the thoughts and actions of men, but continually

imbibing in return fresh power out of the mind of the race, and retaining only as its eternal and immutable germ this one adage, "Love one another." Of this great progress of Christianity, the first stage, according to Saint-Simon, had been the Catholic system, which had rendered great services to humanity, especially by its recognition of the distinction between the spiritual and temporal powers, but which had also failed in essential respects. After it, came the Protestantism of Luther, which, doing less for humanity, had failed still more grossly. Luther, Saint-Simon said, was a heretic, against whom this charge might be alleged—that having Europe as a *tabula rasa* before him, he did not make a good use of his splendid opportunity, but threw down among the hungry nations a mass of low and prosaic sentiments. Lastly, he himself, Saint-Simon, was the harbinger of a new and triumphant stage—the Saint-Simonian phase of Christianity. Of this Saint-Simonianism the fundamental peculiarity was to consist in an expansion or modification of the permanent maxim of Christianity into the following formula:—"Religion ought to direct society towards the great end of the most rapid possible amelioration, physical and moral, of the condition of the class the most numerous and poor." No longer was there any necessity for keeping up the distinction between the religious and the social, the spiritual and the material, the welfare of the individual soul and the interests of the mass; the two were to be united; and religion was to consist, expressly and definitively, in the reorganization of society, according to the foregoing formula.

What, then, more closely considered, was the Saint-Simonian religion practically to consist in? Plainly in this—the raising of the sunken industrial classes, and their thorough and equable diffusion through the entire mass of society, so that the whole might move freely within itself. Were this all, however, the result would be mere chaos and bewilderment. A principle of order, of government, must be introduced. This, accordingly, was supplied in the principle of the Saint-Simonian hierarchy, asserted by Saint-Simon himself, and thus expressed by his followers:—"To each man a vocation according to his capacity; to each capacity a recompense according to its works." In this, the second fundamental principle of the Saint-Simonian system, there is, it will be perceived, a direct denial of the theory of absolute equality. It asserts the radical, inexplicable fact of the difference of capacities and dispositions between man and man; and even deifies this fact so as to make it furnish the supreme principle of social order. All privileges of birth being abolished, and each generation being thus left an independent aggregation of freely moving social atoms, there is to result in each a spontaneous government by a hierarchy of functionaries designated by nature herself. These functionaries again are to be animated by the fundamental Saint-Simonian principle of administration, that of "the most rapid possible amelioration of the condition of the class the most

numerous and poor;" and thus on these two principles the world is to revolve, moving forward, in majestic harmony, towards its unseen consummation.

Reconstructed according to the two fundamental Saint-Simonian principles, society would assume the form of a church-universal. Men of industry, employed in material occupations; *savans* employed in scientific speculation; and priests, uniting both capacities—this would be all society; chiefs of industry, chiefs of savans, chiefs of priests—this would be all government. And thus from the supreme pope or pontiff of the race as the apex, down through an infinite number of sections towards the base, each generation of mankind would constitute an independent self-formed triangular solid, of which priests, thinkers, and laborers would be the atoms.

Thus, in the year 1825, did this singular and egotistic Frenchman compile the generalizations of his life, and give them to the world as a New Christianity. The divinity of the former Christianity he admitted, but he also, he was convinced, had a divine mission to supersede it. He had even had French supernatural intimations to that effect. "In the prison of the Luxembourg," he said, "I saw a vision. My ancestor Charlemagne appeared to me and said, 'Since the world was, no family has had the honor to produce a hero and a philosopher both of the first rank. This honor is reserved for my house. My son, thy successes as a philosopher will equal mine as a warrior and a statesman.'"

To promulgate his views now completed, Saint-Simon, in conjunction with his pupils, founded a journal, to be called "*Le Producteur*." The project of this paper may be said to have been formed on his death-bed. Having already suffered much from pain and ill health, he breathed his last on the 19th of May, 1825, in the presence of his favorite disciples, Comte, Thierry, Rodrigues, Bazard, and Enfantin. To them his last words were addressed:—"It has been imagined," he said, speaking in an especial manner to Rodrigues, although with a prophetic reference, one might think, to Comte, "that all religion whatever ought to disappear, because we have succeeded in proving the decrepitude of that which exists. But religion cannot disappear from the world; it can only change its form. Do not forget this, Rodrigues, and remember that, in order to do great things, one must be enthusiastic, (*pour faire de grandes choses il faut être passionné*.) My whole life sums itself up in a single thought:—"To assure to all mankind the freest possible development of their faculties." * * * "The future is ours," he said, after a pause; and laying his hand to his head, died.

On M. Olinde Rodrigues, as the earliest disciple and special legatee of his master, it devolved to conduct the *Producteur*, and generally to superintend the diffusion of that mass of miscellaneous notions, for the most part merely critical and destructive, but in part also organic and positive, which he had

bequeathed to the world. His associates were MM. Bazard, Enfantin, Cerclet, Buchez, and one or two others, who had recently joined the little college. M. Comte seems already to have schemed for himself that path which was to carry him, like a solitary luminary, out of the Saint-Simonian cluster.

The position of public affairs in the year 1825, was such that it was deemed advisable by the Associates not to attempt a wholesale promulgation of the Saint-Simonian faith, but to confine themselves to an exposition of the Saint-Simonian doctrines regarding the reorganization of industry, the coming industrial régime, &c. This restriction had its advantages; for it secured the coöperation of many men of liberal tendencies, who, at that period of reaction towards absolutism, were willing to use such an organ as the *Producteur*, although they had no affection for the more esoteric Saint-Simonian theories. Accordingly, the *Producteur* reckoned among its contributors Armand Carrel, and other young chiefs of the growing republicanism. For pecuniary reasons, however, the publication was ultimately abandoned.

It was now imagined by some that Saint-Simonianism was defunct. This, however, was a mistake. Ardent spirits throughout France had been seized with the enthusiasm; correspondences had been carried on; and individual disciples, debarred the utterance of their special opinions in the *Producteur*, had found a voice for them in occasional independent publications. Suddenly a new outburst took place under the auspices of M. Bazard. Advertising a course of lectures which were to be delivered in the Rue Taranne, and were to contain "a complete exposition of the Saint-Simonian faith," he rallied round him the scattered Saint-Simonians. Associated with him as colleagues, were MM. Rodrigues and Enfantin; and to this triumvirate many new men of ability and education attached themselves, among whom may be mentioned MM. Hyppolite Carnot, Michel Chevalier, Fournel, Barrault, Dugied, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot.

As in the *Producteur* the Associates had been obliged by considerations of prudence to restrict themselves to the exposition of certain doctrines of immediate consequence, so now they revelled at pleasure in all the higher speculations of Saint-Simonianism. Now for the first time was the Saint-Simonian creed filled out and formulized. "God," said the Associates, "is all that is; all is in Him; all communicate through Him." He manifests Himself in two sets of aspects; on the one hand, as spirit, intelligence, wisdom; on the other, as matter, force, beauty. The true action of this Pan or Deity upon the human race has been through gifted human spirits born at intervals. Moses, Numa, Orpheus, these men, representing as it were that aspect of the divinity whose type is matter, force, beauty, had organized the material efforts of the race, they were chiefs of Worship; the founders of Christianity, representing the Divine spirit, intelligence, wisdom, had organized the spiritual efforts of the race, and

were chiefs of Doctrine; for Saint-Simon it had been reserved to unite the flesh and the spirit, and organize the religious efforts of the race—he was the Head of the Church. The systems of Moses, Orpheus, and Numa had been systems of national ceremonial; Christianity seized on the individual soul; the system of Saint-Simon pointed to a theocratic association of all under the highest savans and the highest chiefs of industry; whose administration was to be regulated by the two fundamental principles—"L'Amélioration," &c., and "A chacun," &c. Hitherto all societies had been presided over by merely dead laws; that is, by the letter of laws established at some point of the past time by the legislator whose name they bore—as the Mosaic law by Moses, the laws of Numa by Numa, and so on. The law of the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, however, was to be a living law; that is, it was to consist in a perpetual succession of commands issued on occasion by a perpetual series of living men. Or, in the words employed by M. Bazard himself, "In the future all the law that shall exist will consist in the declaration by which he who presides over an office shall make known his will to his inferiors, sanctioning his prescriptions with punishments and rewards."* Cohering in virtue of this law, society will move on under one impulse towards one goal; there will be a million of arms, but only one head; arranged in a descending hierarchy, and paid according to a tariff of salaries, all the men of each generation will depend upon him who for the time shall occupy the place of supreme king or pontiff of the globe, the strongest, the most sympathetic, the most generalizing (le plus généralisateur) of living beings. Such, in gamboge and vermilion, is the Saint-Simonian millennium.

While revelling for their own private gratification in these apocalyptic anticipations, the Associates were not neglecting the humbler task of disseminating ideas critical of the existing state of things. An immediate corollary of the Saint-Simonian system which they occupied themselves with asserting to the public, was the necessity of the abolition of the law of inheritance. Maintaining, as we have seen, the natural inequality of men in point of capacity, the Saint-Simonians nevertheless were adherents of the political equality proclaimed in 1789, and the full development of which, according to M. Chevalier, "will consist in the obliteration of all the political inequalities founded on the right of birth." That a man should

* As little as possible have we interrupted our exposition with comments of our own; at this point, however, we would bid our readers again observe that implied annihilation, in the Saint-Simonian system, of the moral sense as an ultimate thing in man, which we formerly remarked in the language of Saint Simon himself. Right and wrong, according to the Saint-Simonians, are but generalizations like the laws of astronomy; and as it belongs to the savans of one class to decree what the more ignorant of the race are to believe concerning the moon and the stars, so it belongs to the savans of another class to decree the duty of man. If we mistake not, M. Comte, in his "Cours de Philosophie Positive," expressly affirms this.

inherit property from his father they considered one of these inequalities. Therefore, in the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, the property of deceased persons should return immediately to the state. All children would be taken care of and educated by a supreme college in a congenial professional direction; furnished with whatever was necessary, and then launched on life to fare according to their own merits.

As an organ for the promulgation of this and other Saint-Simonian doctrines, the Associates, in 1830, founded a weekly journal, called "L'Organisateur." About the same time, also, in order to furnish a nucleus, as it were, round which the Saint-Simonian crystallization of society might commence, they formed themselves into a family living in common in a house in the Rue Monsigny. Of this establishment MM. Bazard and Enfantin assumed the coördinate supremacy. Of these two men M. Louis Reybaud presents an elaborate contrast. Bazard, he says, who before his adhesion to Saint-Simonianism had taken an active interest in revolutionary politics, was still apt to assume the profane point of view, and accommodate his expositions to circumstances; he was a man of logic, and delighted in details; Enfantin, on the other hand, was an enthusiast, continually forging ideas in the laboratory of his own thoughts, and seeking points of contact with the world only in the Saint-Simonian future. Together, they complemented each other—Enfantin urging on his colleague, whose disposition it was to look round at every step, so as to ascertain his environment. Left to himself, the chances were that Enfantin would bring on a crash by his too hardy experimentation; in similar circumstances Bazard would probably hesitate, abdicate his dictatorship, and sink into an ordinary *philosophe*.

Scarcely had the establishment of the Rue Monsigny been formed, when Paris was shaken, and the prospects of the country changed by the revolution of July. The Associates seized the opportunity to make a demonstration; and for several days all Paris was laughing at a strange placard signed "Bazard-Enfantin," which was seen posted on the walls beside the proclamations of Lafayette. After the restoration of order, and the accession of Louis Philippe, it was deemed proper to take some notice of the Saint-Simonian demonstration; and in the chamber of deputies MM. Dupin and Mauguin denounced the Associates as a sect preaching doctrines subversive of order, viz., the community of property and the community of women. This drew forth a reply from Bazard and Enfantin, dated the 1st of October, 1830, in which both imputations were denied. As for the doctrine of the community of property, they declared that it was directly contrary to the fundamental maxim of their system—that every man should be placed according to his capacity, and recompensed according to his works. Nevertheless, they admitted that they desired the abolition of the law of inheritance. On the subject of the rights of women, they professed that what they aimed at was the

complete emancipation of the sex, so that woman might reveal her powers, whatever they are, to the utmost, and perform her full part in the social evolution. The law of marriage, however, by which one man was conjoined with one woman, so as to form a social unit, they regarded as holy; and all the modification they would make of it would be for the facilitation, in certain cases, of divorce.

Never was Saint-Simonianism more prosperous than in 1830 and 1831. At the beginning of the latter year especially, the confederates were able to congratulate themselves on a special piece of good fortune—the accession, namely, of M. Pierre Leroux, a man of the highest character, who had raised himself from the situation of a common printer to the reputation of being one of the most profound of French thinkers and writers. M. Leroux brought with him into the service of Saint-Simonianism the *Globe* daily newspaper, of which at that time he was editor. On the 18th of Jan., 1831, this paper appeared, for the first time, as a professed journal of Saint-Simonian opinions. The proselytism which followed was past belief. Dreamers, thinkers, artists, poets, all caught the contagion. Among the more prominent converts were MM. Raynaud Hoart, Emile Pereire, Mesdames Bazard and St. Hilaire, MM. Lambert, Saint Chéron, Guérout, Charton, Cazeaux, Dugueit, and Flachet-Mony. The establishment in the Rue Monsigny was enlarged, and to prevent the too rapid influx of new members, two probationary schools were instituted, from which it was to be recruited. Meanwhile, all the Associates were active, each according to his peculiar tastes; some, as Carnot and Dagdieu, in popularizing the Saint-Simonian doctrines by means of lectures; others, as Leroux, in methodizing the metaphysics of their creed; and others, as Chevalier and Barrault, in more immediate literary and social applications. Enfantin, too, striking hard blows at the existing economy of society, came forth with a modification adapted for temporary use, of the general Saint-Simonian demand for the abolition of the privileges of birth—a proposal, namely, for the abolition, in the first place, of the law of collateral succession. "Abolish collateral succession," he said, "and thus not only will the novelist be deprived of his standing device of rich uncles dying in the Indies, but the state will gain possession of an annual income for useful purposes." Preaching such doctrines over the length and breadth of France, the *Globe* produced powerful effects. At Toulouse, Montpellier, Lyons, Metz, and Dijon, there arose branch establishments, connected with the Saint-Simonian Church of the metropolis.

Soon, however, the Saint-Simonian Church was torn by a schism. The seeds of disunion had already long existed in the different tendencies of the two leaders—Bazard and Enfantin. Bazard, the man of logic, who wished to convince his hearers; Enfantin, who would always appeal to the heart, holding that "the most prompt, the most decisive, the most triumphant way of acting

on the human organization is infatuation." The two questions on which they had come to differ were those of the emancipation of the working classes and the emancipation of women; with regard to each *Enfantin* went far beyond Bazard. On the second question especially his opinions were extreme. "Christianity," said *Enfantin*, "had declared the emancipation of women; but still, in European society, she occupied a subaltern position, and it was the part of Saint-Simonianism to raise her to complete equality, in all social respects, with men. Every man," he said, "who pretends to impose a law on woman, is not a Saint-Simonian. The only position of the true Saint-Simonian with regard to woman, is to declare his incompetence to judge her. The woman must reveal to us for herself all that she thinks, all that she desires, all that she wishes for the future."

These differences, which Bazard did not long survive, led to a disruption of the Saint-Simonian camp; and at a general meeting on the 19th of November, 1841, Leroux, Raynaud, Cazeaux, Pereira, and others seceded, leaving *Enfantin* to organize the remainder, with Rodrigues as his subordinate. *Enfantin* continued to carry on the society. As might be expected, his favorite topics now were those on which the schism had taken place. Acting on his own maxim—that it was incompetent for the man to legislate for the woman—and yet at the same time maintaining, that until the new feminine code should be given, the work of social regeneration could be considered as only attempted in half, he occupied himself chiefly with speculations as to the advent of some woman of genius, whose business it would be to supply what was wanted. To this "coming woman" alone it belonged to indicate the *avenir* of her sex. Might she not even then be on the earth? What if she were in Paris! In that case possibly she might be discovered, and even illuminated as to the fact of her own mission! In a perpetual succession of balls, *fêtes* and *réunions*, therefore, let her be sought for! Let all Paris be invited; the giddy pretty ones will slip through the meshes, the golden fish will remain in the net.

Hundreds of fair *Parisiennes*, says M. Louis Reybaud, attended the brilliant Saint-Simonian *réunions* of the winter of 1832. They danced, laughed and enjoyed themselves—still the expected woman came not. Money began to fail the Associates; and at length their establishment was brought to a sudden close by a prosecution instituted against them by the legal authorities. *Enfantin* and Rodrigues had also begun to quarrel on the old question; Rodrigues demurring from certain opinions of *Enfantin* of an extreme nature regarding the law of Saint-Simonian marriage. Accordingly the family of the Rue Monsigny was dissolved, and the publication of the *Globe* abandoned.

On the dissolution of the general association, *Enfantin*, who possessed a house with large grounds at Menilmontant, near Paris, removed thither with about forty of his adherents, of whom the chief

were MM. Barrault, Michel Chevalier, Lambert Eichthal, Fournel, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot. Here they constituted a sort of Saint-Simonian monastery on communist principles; dividing their time between manual labor and intellectual speculations. They all wore a dress of the same fashion: "a blue close coat with short flaps, a belt of varnished leather, a red cap, white trousers, a handkerchief round the neck, hair thrown back and glossy behind, mustachios and beard à l'orientale." All acknowledged *Enfantin* as their father and superior.

The lucubrations of the Associates at Menilmontant assumed a higher and more mystic form than the Saint-Simonians had yet pretended to. "Le Livre Nouveau," as they called the manuscript in which they entered their meditations, is described as having contained a sort of rhythmical metaphysics, or, as M. Reybaud terms it, "an algebra of religion," expressed in biblical language. In August, 1832, however, this new phase of Saint-Simonianism was also brought to a close. To defend a second action which had been brought against them, the Associates appeared, on the 27th of that month, before the *Cours d'Assises*. *Enfantin*, Duveyrier, and Chevalier were condemned; and the first subjected to a term of imprisonment. This was the signal for a general dispersion; the more enthusiastic disciples exiled themselves from France; the remainder, laying aside the special badge of their sect, and only retaining, more or less diluted, the general ideas of the school, diffused themselves through society.

Precisely at the time when Saint-Simonianism, as an established faith, was thus suppressed in France, another system, resembling it in certain respects, and upon the whole still more curious, if not so powerful, began to attract public attention. This was the system of *Fourierism*, as it was called, after the founder, Fourier.

François-Charles-Marie Fourier was born at Besançon, the 7th April, 1768, seven years and a half after Saint-Simon. His father was a small woollen-draper; and Fourier, whose earliest years were spent in the shop, was destined for a similar mercantile employment. A dreamy, singular, awkward youth, with an insatiable appetite for all kinds of information, and a great difficulty of expressing himself—he seems all the while that he was earning his bread by labors in the shop and the counting-house, to have lived intellectually in a world of his own. That he must have been an assiduous student in private of the mathematical and physical sciences, and indeed of all descriptions of knowledge whatever, is clear from the enormous mass of miscellaneous notions which he has left heaped up in his writings. The direction of his labors, however, came from within; for some singular superfetation or mal-organization of spirit, which made him different from other men, rendered him independent of their opinions or society, and placed him out of *rappor*t as it were with surrounding things, so that between what he saw existing, and what he schemed within himself,

there was perpetual discord. In short, he was a man of one idea, as the phrase is; one of those men, the exact opposite of the poet in their constitution, who, instead of holding the mirror up to nature, explore her with a lamp. How strong and intense in Fourier was this innate conception of things which he had brought into the world with him, is illustrated by an account he gives of two circumstances which, he says, made an ineffaceable impression on him in his early years. The one was, that when a boy of five he had been reprimanded in his father's shop for contradicting some one who had told a lie in his presence; the other that, when nineteen years of age, he had assisted, in his capacity as a merchant's clerk, at a submersion of corn with a view to keep up high prices. In the one he received his first experience of the fact that falsehood is tolerated; in the other he was present at one of the results of monopoly.

Possibly, from the very fact that his discord with the world about him was so thorough and radical, Fourier, up to a comparatively late period, lived a life of calm observation, amounting, in appearance, to acquiescence. That society, as it existed, was one complex system of fallacy and suffering seems to have become in his mind a settled fact, which one must just accept as such, and endure. All that one could do was to exhibit to the world a model, constructed out of one's own thoughts, of a new and perfect system of society; if such a model were duly set forth, the world would doubtless strive towards conformity with it, and in the process of years would attain to it. One need be in no hurry, however; it was more essential to build up the scheme completely in one's mind so as ultimately to place a finished and perfect model on the table, than to come forth immediately as a mere critic. Indeed, the evil of the existing system was so great, that to strike a blow or indicate a change here and there would not do; the entire edifice must be pulled down and rebuilt, and one's best occupation, therefore, were leisurely, and, apart from all ephemeral politics, to prepare the new plan.

Full of such strange thoughts regarding the world about him, the eccentric and taciturn merchant's clerk was slowly building up in his own head a mass of uncouth forms of language, descriptive to himself of his ideal system of society. He was one of those minds, apparently, who accept the mere conceptions that arise arbitrarily in the understanding itself, as of equal value, as regards truth, with those revelations concerning the external world, which come through experience. That he was by no means destitute of the power of observation is clear, from the allusions in his writings to existing wrongs and defects; and that he did not undervalue those general ideas in which thinkers have summed up, as it were, in literary forms, the past experience of the race, is proved by his fondness for study. But the views and ideas thus derived from contact with the world, and with other intellects, he seemed to flood and drench with others that welled up in

his mind from some internal source. Half the mesmerist-seer, and half the scientific analyst in his constitution, he seemed, if we may so express it, to live intellectually in an apartment of which one window fronted the actual world, while the other looked back into the region of supernatural conditions, out of which all things have sprung. Seated at this back window, he would woo out of the darkness all sorts of conceptions regarding God, the creation, and other transcendental matters, about which no man can possibly know anything by his own strength; then, removing to the other window, he would derive from the bustle without, accurate conceptions regarding the actual world; and finally mingling the two heaps of notions together, he would proceed to organize the mass as if it were homogeneous.

That this is a correct representation of Fourier's mind and habits, will appear when we describe the nature of his system, as developed in his "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements, et des Destinées Générales*," published anonymously at Lyons in 1808, and which, with the exception of an article on the state of European politics published five years before in a newspaper of the same town, was, it is believed, his first attempt to communicate with the world through the press. In this bizarre and singular work—all the more singular as being the production of an obscure clerk who had attained his thirty-eighth year without doing anything to reveal himself out of the counting-house—are contained the germs of all that Fourier ever wrote. Here, therefore, it may be as well to present a general outline of his entire system, as first promulgated in 1808, and afterwards, only filled out and expounded.

In religion Fourier was a Pantheist; in other words, God, the world, and man, were all blended and confused in his idea of existence as a whole. Using formal language, however, he viewed the world as an evolution of three eternal coexisting principles—God, matter, and justice, or mathematical truth. God or will is the cause of the destinies of things; justice is the reason of them. The universal will manifests itself in the form of a law of universal attraction, by which all that exists is regulated. This universal attraction distinguishes itself into five species, or, as Fourier called them, *movements*—1st, material attraction, which was discovered by Newton; 2d, organic attraction, pervading the inner constitution of bodies; 3d, aromal attraction, or the attraction of imponderables; 4th, instinctual attraction, or the attraction of instincts and passions; 5th, social attraction, or the attraction of man to his future destinies. Of these five movements only four were announced, as appears from the title in Fourier's first work; the aromal attraction was afterwards added. Pervaded by this universal law of attraction, all nature was full of analogies, and in every part one might discern the rhythm of the whole. Friendship, for instance, was symbolically represented in the circle; love in the ellipse.

The entire duration of the world, as it now is, will be 80,000 years; half will be a period of as-

cendence, and half of descendance. The world, as yet, is only in its 7000th year; consequently young and foolish, and far from being what it will be. God peopled the world originally with sixteen distinct races of men, nine of which were placed in the old, and seven in the American hemisphere. All these, however, were made with the same fundamental dispositions; and hence, their mingled progeny forms but one species. God has also reserved for himself the power of eighteen supplementary creations of men. In the act of creation there is a conjunction of Austral and Boreal fluids; hence, as the supplementary creations come to take place, the earth will gradually become a beautiful garden; the masses of polar ice will be melted away, the whole sea will become navigable, and, the salt having been disengaged, will at length consist of excellent fresh water, which sailors may drink.

The soul of man is immortal; and is subject to reproduction in new forms—not, however, as the *Hirudo*s say, in forms either nobler or viler, according to circumstances, but always in forms nobler than those already passed through. For each soul there will be one hundred and ten transmigrations in all. The various planets, also, will, at the periods when respectively they have attained their full developments, exchange their spiritual burdens—each planet, as it were, emptying itself into the one immediately above it in the scale of importance.

Human nature is a compound of twelve distinct passions:—five sensitive, which together make up the desire of individual enjoyment; four affective, (love, friendship, ambition, and family-feeling,) which lead to the formation of groups; and three governing or distributive, (the *cabaliste*, or love of intrigue, the *alternante*, or craving for variety, and the *composite*, or inspiration of art,) which produce series. As group is the association of individuals, so series is the association of groups. The ultimate tendency of series, again, is towards unity; and thus the passion for unity expresses the aim and longing of the whole human being, and is the result of the free play of all the twelve component passions, as light is the result of all the prismatic tints. Conformity, therefore, to this passion for unity, or in other words, submission to the law of passionate attraction, (attraction *passionnée*), is the true theory of conduct. Duty is entirely a human idea; attraction only—i. e. physical tendency, comes from God. The distinction between certain passions as good, and others as bad, is a fallacious mode of speaking; all are good; it is impious to resist any of them; and true wisdom consists in entire abandonment to their impulses. What we call *evil* or *wrong*, has no real existence; all misery has its origin in misconception. The passions are not to be denounced or struggled against; they are to be *utilized*. If the medium in which the passions act, offers resistance to their free play, then that medium must be modified.

The present medium, that is, society as it now exists, *does* offer resistance to the free play of the

passions. All is confusion, irregularity, compulsion, misconception. "Between the Creator and the creature there have been five thousand years of misunderstanding." How shall this condition of things be remedied? How shall the present confused medium, in which the passions are restrained, be made to evolve a new medium in which they shall be able to act freely? By what means shall riches be made to succeed to poverty, truth to deceit, mutual respect to oppression and revolt, happiness to misery? Philanthropists had announced and attempted various schemes having this object in view. All had failed. The scheme which he proposed, however, could not fail, being accordant with the eternal mechanism of nature. This was a system for the association of mankind in industrial bodies, on the principle that each individual, while forming part of a whole, should yet be at liberty to follow his own tendencies and inclinations. "The disease which devours industry is industrial anarchy or incoherence." The cure, therefore, must consist in organization, association, harmonious coöperation. But this can only be secured by allowing, in the first place, perfect individual freedom. Labor is not of itself naturally repugnant to man; nay, man is so constituted as to find his only true happiness in labor; but the happiness to be found must actually lie in the labor in which it is sought; in other words, the labor in which a man is called to engage ought to be of the kind which is of itself agreeable to him. This idea of labor, pleasurable for its own sake, (*travail attrayant*), was one on which Fourier laid immense stress. As the English squire toils hard in a fox-chase, and yet likes the labor; so, if the world were as it should be, all human beings would do as they felt inclined, and in so doing, would enjoy the toil.

In order to realize this picture of a world busy and at the same time happy, the present distribution of mankind over the globe, in cities, towns, villages, hordes, and hamlets, must be entirely abandoned; and mankind must associate themselves anew in little masses called *phalanxes*. A group, that is, the little association formed by the operation of the sensitive and affective passions, would number usually from seven to nine persons; from twenty-four to thirty-two groups, associated by the play of the distributive passions, would constitute a series; and, lastly, an association of several such series, representing in itself the supreme tendency to unity, would form a phalanx. A phalanx, therefore, would consist of about 1800 persons of both sexes, associated together for all the purposes of life, and forming in effect a complete little community. Each phalanx would occupy a vast barracks or system of buildings called a *Phalangstère*, which would include within itself a church, a theatre, dining-rooms, picture galleries, an observatory, a library, work-rooms, sleeping apartments, and, in short, every possible accommodation that comfort would require or taste suggest. Every *phalangstère* would stand in the midst of its own gardens and grounds. How cheaply even splendor

might be attained in all the arrangements of the *phalangstère*—in the architecture, in the style of furnishing, and also in the *cuisine*, the success of the modern system of clubs might show—of the principle of which the Phalanx-system would in some respects be but an extension. In the life of the *phalangstère* all would be at liberty to follow their own bent—to work, or be idle; to work at one trade or at several; to be sociable or retiring in their habits. The women would naturally, according to the affective instincts of their sex, dominate in the relations of family, &c., while the men would pursue the career of ambition; nevertheless, no restraint would be put upon the liberty of the women exceptional in their tastes and inclined to follow a profession—that of medicine, for instance. As for the children; for them, too, the system would be one of attraction. They would be allowed to sing, romp, read, or even gormandize; only all these manifestations would be carefully watched, and the passions, which they indicated, utilized. From all this life of freedom, some might say, nothing but confusion would result. The contrary, however, would be the case. Labor, ceasing to be repugnant, would organize itself beautifully; there would be the most admirable classification and subdivision of employments; all sorts of machines for abridging labor would be introduced, and their invention encouraged; and among the inhabitants of the *phalangstère* there would operate the most wholesome emulation. Every member would be secured a *minimum* of income, sufficient to supply his ordinary wants; and over and above this there would be a distribution of the surplus profits among the efficient members, according to the three categories of Labor, Capital, and Talent. Of these Labor would have the preference, its share being as five, while the shares of Capital and Talent would be respectively as four and three—that of Talent, therefore, being lowest.

The Phalanx-system would naturally first be introduced into the field of agricultural labor. There, gradually and simply, without disturbing a single established relation, it would succeed by its own merits. Radiating thence into all trades and professions, it would ultimately prevail over the whole globe. Then would arise a new set of relations, associating the separate phalanxes one with another, according to the most beautiful series. In all there would probably be about 500,000 phalanxes on the earth. The governor of a single phalanx would be called a Unarch; the governor of four phalanxes a Duarch; the governor of twelve phalanxes a Tetrarch; the governor of forty-eight phalanxes a Douzarch; and so on, up to the governor of the whole world or Omniarch. This association of the phalanxes by series would supersede the present arrangements into provinces, nations, &c., performing all that is good in the functions of such arrangements. Certain phalanxes would stand related to one designated as the capital of their common district; and the associated districts again would recognize in one established

spot the central phalanx of the nation. Finally, there would be one golden-domed *phalangstère*, towards which, as the metropolis of the world, all the railways and all the telegraphic wires would converge; and here, receiving the letters of all nations, and issuing his despatches—east, north, south, and west, would sit the Omniarch with his clerks. This *phalangstère* should be somewhere on the Bosphorus. All general planetary business would be transacted in the office of the Omniarch. Thus, in the case of a great discovery in the arts, such as that of the steam-engine by Watt, or of the publication of a book deserving a place among the world's classics, the Omniarch would decree a tax for the benefit of the author upon all the *phalangstères*. A tax of five francs each on all the *phalangstères* would have secured to James Watt £100,000 for his steam-engine. Again, in the case of a sudden physical calamity in any part of the world, as, for example, an earthquake or inundation, the Omniarch would instantly despatch an industrial army to the spot to repair the damage.

Such, described as literally as we have been able from our authorities, was the extraordinary system which Fourier gave to the world. Expounded first in his "*Théorie des Quatre Mouvements*," published in 1808, it was enlarged and completed in his "*Traité de l'Association Domestique-Agricole*," published at Paris in 1822; in his "*Nouveau Monde Industriel et Sociétaire*," published in 1829; and in a work which he published in 1835, entitled "*False Industry, Fragmentary, Repugnant, Deceitful; and the Antidote, Natural Industry, Combined, Attractive, Truthful, giving Quadruple Profit*." All these works are in form the reverse of methodical or artistic; and they abound in uncouth words and phrases, invented by the author to express his meaning. Fourier was incapable himself of the task of popular exposition: this he left to his followers. In another respect he was peculiar. Most men of his class have been contented with giving to the world a few pregnant aphorisms containing the gist of their system; in his writings there is a perfect deluge of the most rigidly reasoned and ingenious details.

The sincerity of Fourier has never been questioned. He always talked of his own theory, says M. Reybaud, as of a fact dominant in the world. Living in a state of isolation, and dealing only with the symbols which in his mind had come to stand for things themselves, he had solved, as he fancied, a gigantic equation; and the solution must ultimately be accepted. In short, as we have already said, his mind was, in some respect or other, abnormal in its structure, so as to be out of connection with everything about it. Such dogmas, for instance, as those which we have described, relating to the creation and duration of the world, indicate a total breaking down, in the mind which produced them, of all separation between the organs of conception and belief. According to the same method one has only to think

anything whatever, like a Hindoo poet; and then assert it to be true. One might assert, for instance, that there was a ball of fresh butter at the centre of the earth; and in such a case, if the assertion were gravely made, there would be little probability that it would be contradicted. Now, there are many minds, Scotch and English, into which such an odd fancy might enter; but the difference between them and Fourier is, that whenever he conceived such a thing, he ran a great risk of believing it. Hence the gravity with which he could talk of the analogy between love and the ellipse, of the eighteen supplementary creatures, of the austral and boreal fluids, of the future omnium of the globe, &c.—conceptions which in other minds only serve as a sort of intellectual snuff, to tickle the faculties and keep them awake. He himself seemed to be aware of some such difference between himself and other men. "My three systems, cosmology, psychology, and analogy," he said, "are one thing; another thing is my fourth, that of passional attraction. While you examine it, leave the others alone. If in them I have been extravagant, Newton also has written a commentary on the Apocalypse."

It will have been observed, that between the publication of Fourier's first work and that of his second, there was an interval of fourteen years. During this interval, or from 1808 to 1822, the author remained in the same obscure position that he had previously held. His "Theory of the Four Movements" fell dead upon the public; probably not twenty persons read it. It was exactly at this time, as we have seen, that Saint-Simon, with considerably greater success, was maturing his views. In every country, however, there are minds magnetically responsive to each other through their very singularities; and as Saint-Simon found converts in ardent young men such as Comte, Rodrigues, and Thierry; so in 1814, Fourier, narrower and more repulsive as his system was, found an adherent in a person named M. Just Muiron. It was only, however, after the adhesion to Fourier of M. Victor Considérant, a young man of energy and high scientific acquirements, who had been educated at the "Ecole Polytechnique," that his system began decidedly to make way. Seizing on the social philosophy of Fourier, to the neglect of his cabalistic science, M. Considérant devoted himself, with far happier talents for exposition than his master possessed, to the task of diffusing the Fourierist ideas of "Pleasurable Labor," "Industrial Coöperation," &c. Between 1820 and 1830, Fourier's own works also—his "Traité de l'Association," &c., and his "Nouveau Monde" were making his system better known. Before this time Fourier had come to live in Paris, in the capacity of a clerk in an American mercantile house; and here, accordingly, about the year 1829, he might be seen, a little thin man of sixty, with a profound, severe, and sad old face, plodding along the streets, nobody speaking to him.

It was after the revolution of 1830, and pre-

cisely when Saint-Simonianism was on the decline, that Fourierism burst on public notice. Some members of the Saint-Simonian school attached themselves to Fourier, among whom were MM. Jules Lechevalier and Abel Transon; he likewise gained a very efficient advocate in a lady, Madame Clarisse Vigoureux. By the instrumentality of this lady, assisted by M. Considérant and others, an attempt was made to exemplify the system in a model Phalangestère and agricultural colony, to be founded at Condé-sur-Vesgres. The attempt, however, failed; and the confederates were obliged to content themselves with the propagation of their views through the press. In 1836, they founded a journal called "La Phalange," the success of which was such that Fourier, before his death, in October, 1837, was able to count a number of disciples in whom he could be sure that his views would survive. Since that period, chiefly by the exertions of M. Considérant, who succeeded to the vacant chieftainship of the sect, Fourierism, or at least the social philosophy of Fourier, has continued to make progress.

The promulgation in France almost contemporaneously of two such social systems as those of Saint-Simon and Fourier could not fail to produce immense effects. These effects began, as we have seen, to manifest themselves most decidedly between the years 1830 and 1840. The Saint-Simonians, indeed, cohering chiefly in virtue of a common enthusiasm for progress, and a common attachment to a few very large general ideas, had been destroyed as a sect; but only to be dispersed through society as separate missionaries, each in his own way, of doctrines in which they had been too well trained ever to forget them. Among the highest names in French literature between 1830 and 1840, were men who had been educated in the Saint-Simonian school. M. Comte, early as his separation from the Saint-Simonians had been, even yet, in his self-selected position as the champion of a powerful atheistic philosophy, retained many of the specific ideas of his old master. Unit- ing more of piety and sentiment with the Saint-Simonian creed, M. Pierre Leroux founded the sect of the "Humanitarians." From him as her speculative master, the celebrated authoress, George Sand, derived the propositions which constitute the didactic ingredient in her novels. Duveyrier, Carnot, and Chevalier, entered the lists as political and economical writers. Lastly, gathering around him the relics of the party, M. Olinde Rodrigues continued, in an humble way, to defend the memory and publish the opinions of his master. Thus of the Saint-Simonian school it may be said that it was disintegrated, only to be dissolved the better through society. Fourierism, on the other hand, more precise in its scheme, and demanding in its disciples a more narrow conformation of mind, has maintained its nominal existence and organization. With M. Considérant as its head, it now commands the services of a number of inferior expositors who acknowledge themselves to be Phalangerians; it also possesses various periodical organs of greater

or less note. Meanwhile, its doctrines, thus diffused, and mingling with those which were more purely Saint-Simonian, have descended into all classes of society, have seized all descriptions of minds, and have been varied, modified, and expanded into all conceivable forms, from the most rank and thorough-going communism, to the mild-est advocacy of the extension of the coöperative principle.

Upon the whole, the result of the labors of Saint-Simon and Fourier may be summed up in this, that their systems deposited in the mind of the French nation two great ideas, which were not there before—the *first*, that European society was approaching a crisis the peculiarity of which as compared with former ones would consist in this, that it would be an industrial revolution—in other words, a revolution by which not only would industrial interests come to predominate in politics, but the industrial mind itself would be admitted to the mastery in the administration; the *second*, that the instrument in this change, or at least its accompaniment, would be an organization of the laboring classes into compact bodies on the principle of coöperation and common responsibility. The first of these ideas is more peculiarly Saint-Simonian; it is the summary expression of Saint-Simon's two fundamental principles, "*L'Amélioration*," &c., and "*A Chacun*," &c. The other is more peculiarly Fourierist, involving as it does all that is general, and possibly all that is valuable, in Fourier's bewildering system of phalanxes. In neither idea, simply expressed and divested of the rubbish attached to it, is there anything absolutely repugnant to good sense, or irreconcilable with Christian belief. Indeed, by some influential men in our own country both ideas have already been accepted—so far, at least, as to form subjects of incessant meditation. In Mr. Cobden, for instance, we see the first idea, or at least a fraction of it, developed almost to the pitch of bigotry; hence his laughter at the Duke's Letter, and his denunciations of the ships in the Tagus.

Both ideas, however, must rest for credence upon their own proofs and merits. Whether it be true that society is approaching a crisis in which the industrial classes shall assume a higher position than they have yet held, and if so, by what means the transition is to be the most easily and peacefully effected—are questions, to answer which one must diligently observe the current of the times. Whether, again, the coöperative principle be safe, practicable, or advantageous in the management of business; and if so, what form or modification of it is the best—are questions to yield an answer to which experiment must assist reflection. Meanwhile, it is to France that we must look for our arguments and illustrations. There first have the questions been formally asked; and there first have they been put to the rough issue of events. It is our part to watch and profit by what we see. Let us attempt accordingly to present here in a condensed and collected form such facts as may tend to show on what precise footing the questions of the enfran-

chisement of the industrial classes, and the organization of labor through the coöperative principle, now stand, in France. And first we shall allude to a very interesting experiment made some years ago by a private individual, and which, although undertaken for purely private ends, and on a very small scale, has already acquired historical importance.

There is in Paris, now or lately occupying the house, 11, Rue Saint Georges, a master house-painter, named Leclaire. On an average, M. Leclaire employs two hundred workmen. For some time after commencing business, he proceeded on the same system with regard to his workmen which he saw others practising—"a system which consists," to use his own language, "in paying the workman as little as possible, and in dismissing him frequently for the smallest fault." Finding this system unsatisfactory, he altered it; adopted a more liberal scale of wages; and endeavored, by retaining good and tried workmen permanently in his service, to produce some stability in the arrangements of his establishment. The result was encouraging; but still, from causes which were inevitable—among which he specifies the listlessness of even the best workmen, and the waste of material occasioned by their carelessness—his profits by no means answered his expectations; while his position as a master was one of continual anxiety and discomfort. He resolved, therefore, on a total change of system. A reading and intelligent man—he had heard of the speculations regarding the applicability of the coöperative principle to business; a firm and enterprising man—he was willing to try the experiment at his own risk. Accordingly, having made certain necessary preparations, he announced to his workmen, in the beginning of the year 1842, that during that year he was to conduct his establishment on the principle in question; in other words, he was to assume them all, for that year, into partnership with himself, and form of his establishment a little industrial association, of which he should be chief.

The details of his scheme were as follows:—All the *employés* of the establishment—M. Leclaire himself included—were to be allowed regular wages as in other establishments, each according to his rank and position—M. Leclaire a salary for the year of 6000 francs, (£240,) which was about the sum to which he considered himself entitled by his services; his journeymen the ordinary wages of about four francs a day (a pound a week) in summer, and three francs a day (fifteen shillings a week) in winter; the foremen and clerks proportionably more; the apprentices proportionably less. These fixed allowances were to be totally independent of the success of the experiment; as regarded his men, M. Leclaire guaranteed their payment. But if the experiment should succeed, then, after the sum-total thus expended in wages had been deducted, and after all the other expenses of the establishment had been paid—such as rent, taxes, material, as well as the interest of the capital invested, there would still remain some surplus

of clear profit. Now this surplus, whatever it was, M. Leclaire undertook to distribute faithfully among all the members of the establishment, each sharing in the ratio of his fixed allowance—that is, receiving exactly that proportion of the profits that he received of the total wages-expenses. Thus, supposing the business of the year to yield in all £4200; supposing the total wages-expenses to be £2000, and the outlay in rent, taxes, material, interest, bad debts, &c., to be £2000 more; then there would remain £200 of surplus profits, to be divided among all concerned. Of this sum each would receive that proportion which he received of the wages-expenses; consequently, M. Leclaire's own share (£2000 : £200 :: £240 : £24) would be £24. In the same way the share of a journeyman, whose total amount of wages during the year had been £40, would be £4; of a clerk or foreman, whose wages had been £60, the share would be £6; of an apprentice, whose wages had been £4, the share would be 8s. Even those workmen who should have been but a few weeks in the establishment were to receive in the same equitable proportion; the value of every man's services, and consequently his title to a share in the profits, being always measured by the amount he had earned in wages.

These arrangements having been agreed to, and some other stipulations having been made, the chief of which was that M. Leclaire was still to retain the usual rights which belong to a master—was, for instance, to have the sole charge of the purchase of materials, the undertaking of commissions, &c., the experiment was fairly and faithfully tried. The result was most satisfactory. "Not one of his journeymen," we are told, "that had worked as much as 300 days obtained less than 1500 francs (£60) and some considerably more." According to a table now before us, the average wages per day of a journeyman house-painter in Paris is 3½ francs; for 300 days at this rate the return would be 1050 francs (£42); therefore it would appear that a steady journeyman in M. Leclaire's establishment earned that year about 450 francs, or £18, more than his brethren in other establishments. On the supposition, which also seems the correct one, that M. Leclaire paid his workmen, in respect of their fixed wages, at the usual rate, this sum of £18 would represent exactly what the workmen gained by the change of system. For M. Leclaire, himself, the gain was of course proportionate. To the £240 which he had allowed himself as his personal salary, he would add about £100 as his proportion of the profits; besides which, it is to be remembered, he drew the interest of his invested capital. Even as a private speculation, therefore, the experiment was successful—a success which is to be accounted for by the superior zeal and carefulness produced among the workmen by the sense of common interest and responsibility, or, as the French express it, *solidarité*. Every boy, for instance, who emptied a pot of paint into the kennel, injured himself and his comrades; and although he might not care for his own loss, his comrades

would take him to task for theirs; hence an advantage in the system not possessed by that of piece-work. Morally, also, the effects of the experiment were admirable; and, upon the whole, so decided was the success, that M. Leclaire continued the system on trial during the following year, and, so far as we are aware, has kept it up ever since.

While private individuals were thus putting in practice in their own affairs, ideas derived from the mass of Utopian opinions that had been set forth by Saint-Simon and Fourier, it was impossible but that some of these opinions should begin also to find acceptance with those public men whose position as leaders of what was called the liberal party rendered them open to all new ideas of a political tenor. Precisely as the whig and radical parties in this country have derived many of their working propositions from Bentham, without accepting his views in the mass, so the republican party, which has now attained to power in France, has derived much of its vital sap from the speculations of Saint-Simon and Fourier. Even so early as 1833, there was a section of the republican party which had expressly embraced many of the ideas of the Saint-Simonians; as if the suppression of the Saint-Simonian sect in 1832 had not really destroyed its vitality, but only occasioned its metempsychosis into the world of politics. At the head of this body of extreme republicans was M. Cavaignac—the brother of the M. Cavaignac whom the present provisional government appointed governor-general of Algeria. Forming themselves into an association, and entering into correspondence with the discontented among the laboring classes, they became objects of fear and suspicion to the government of Louis Philippe. One of their overt acts was the publication of a manifesto, in which, indicating rather than declaring their opinions, they reprinted a *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, which had been written by Robespierre, and proposed by him to the national convention, but rejected by that body as subversive of admitted principles. In this document of Robespierre, perhaps the most remarkable clause was a definition of property which it contained. "Property," said Robespierre, "is that portion of goods which is secured to a man by the laws." To this definition of property, all the more startling from its clearness and Demosthenic precision, the Associates expressed their adhesion. It tallied exactly with a certain portion of their creed as Saint-Simonians—that, namely, which proposed the abolition of the rights of inheritance. According to Robespierre's definition, property varied as the law; that is, as the general sense of the community investigating its own wants; and if the law chose to decree, for instance, that no man should be entitled to bequeath upwards of £10,000, or even that no man should be entitled to dispose of his possessions at all after his death, then society would conform to those conditions, and new ideas of property would arise. In these views, audacious and destructive as they are, one sees only an immense

extension of the principle of the Roman Agrarian law.

The promulgation of such views by Cavaignac and his associates produced a schism—if a friendly private controversy can be called such—between them and the more moderate and practical republicans, of whom Armand Carrel was the chief and representative. Carrel, who, although speculatively he believed much that the Associates had set forth in their manifesto, was yet led by his instincts as a man of action, to select the immediate and practicable in preference to the remote and Utopian, had a difficult part to act. On the one hand, he had to avoid an open breach with men whom he respected; on the other, he had to clear himself in the eyes of the public. He effected both with great skill; and, after the attempt of Fieschi, in 1835, had brought down on the republican party the crushing hand of the government, in the shape of individual prosecutions for treason, and the famous September laws against the press, he was able to retain his position as editor of the *National*, while Cavaignac and his associates were either silenced in prison, or driven into exile.*

It was now thought that republicanism was at an end in France. Even Carrel, still clinging with a sort of chivalrous sorrow to his republican opinions, believed the cause to be hopeless; for to him, says his biographer, M. Nisard, "a cause deferred was a cause lost." In this belief he continued till his death, in a duel, by the pistol-shot of M. Girardin. He died without hope—his party ruined, France abject, and Louis Philippe still on the throne.

Carrel, however, was mistaken. Republicanism was to revive in France; and this not in that moderate form in which he had advocated it, but rather in the extreme and Utopian form from which he had dissented. Precisely at the period when its prospects were gloomiest, it received an adherent in a young man of literary talent—M. Louis Blanc. Born in Spain, of a Corsican mother, and described as being of extremely small stature, and very juvenile appearance, he threw himself, with precocious ardor, into the element of revolutionary politics. The result was his "History of the Ten Years,"—a work which had made him tolerably well known in this country, even before the thirty hours of February had elevated him to so conspicuous a place as that which he now occupies in the eyes of the French nation and of Europe. It is only now, however, that another work of his—a little volume on "The Organization of Labor"—begins to attract attention among us insular folks. In this volume, published originally in 1839, he expounds a scheme of his own for Industrial Reform, in which, hasty and crude as it is, one sees the amiable enthusiasm of a youth who, having mastered the prevailing generalities of the

Saint-Simonians and of Fourier, undertakes to cast these into a form which shall take effect in the world in spite of Adam Smith.

"Wherever," says M. Louis Blanc, "the certainty of being able to live by labor does not result from the very essence of the established social institutions, there iniquity reigns." This is his fundamental maxim as a revolutionist; the end at which he aims as a reformer is expressed in language partly Saint-Simonian and partly Fourierist, as follows:—"The moral and material amelioration of the condition of all, by means of the free concurrence of all, and their fraternal association." More specially, that which he attacks in the existing constitution of society, is the system of competition, or, as he sometimes names it, of individualism—that "atrocious mercantile spirit," as he considers it, by which, remorselessly and selfishly using his own means and opportunities, every man in business tries to grow richer than his neighbor. For the mass of the people, he says, this system of competition is a system of extermination; for the middle classes it is an incessant cause of bankruptcy and ruin; in England, which is its hotbed and peculiar seat, it has produced disaster and apoplexy; if it is persisted in, war between England and France is inevitable;—therefore, at once and forever, for the good of man and the peace of Europe, let it be done away. The means by which this great end is to be achieved he thus expounds:—

Let government be considered as the supreme regulator of production, and as such invested with the necessary powers. Its task will then consist in making use of the weapon of competition, in order to destroy competition.

Let government raise a loan of which the product shall be employed in the creation of *social workshops*, in the most important branches of the national industry. This creation requiring a considerable expenditure, the number of such workshops shall at first be limited; in virtue of their very nature they will possess an expansive power. Government being considered as the sole founder of the *social workshops*, will have the right to draw up the rules and regulations, which shall, accordingly, possess the force of law. Into the *social workshops* shall be admitted, as far as the capital collected for the purchase of materials and tools will go, all workmen who shall offer certificates of good conduct. Notwithstanding that the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find any other motive of emulation than an increase of pay, *the salaries will be equal*; as a totally new education will necessarily change ideas and manners. For the first year government will regulate the hierarchy of functions. After the first year it shall no longer be so. The workmen having had time to appreciate one another, and all being equally interested in the success of the association, the hierarchy shall be arranged on the principle of election. Every year there shall be rendered an account of the net profit, of which a partition shall be made into three parts;—the *first* to be divided in equal portions among the members of the association; the *second* to be employed, 1st, in the maintenance of the old, the sick, and the infirm; 2dly, in the mitigation of such distresses as may fall on other

* As some of the facts here given are even yet not generally known, it is right to state that we are indebted for them to the author of the article on Armand Carrel in No. XI. of the London and Westminster Review—who chanced at the time to be at Paris, and so circumstanced as to become intimately acquainted with the affair.

trades; all trades owing such help to each other; and the *third*, to furnish tools to such new members as choose to join the association. Into each association formed for trades carried on by large numbers together, may be admitted also persons belonging to trades which by their very nature must be scattered and confined to separate spots; so that, in this way, each social workshop may consist of different professions, grouped around one great trade, as so many parts of one whole, obeying the same laws, and partaking of the same advantages. Every member of the social workshop should have the right to dispose of his income at his own pleasure, but the evident economy and incontestable excellence of the system of life in common, would not fail to produce out of the association of labors, the voluntary association also of wants and pleasures. Capitalists could be invited to join the association, and would draw the interest of the capital they had embarked in it, which interest would be guaranteed to them on the budget; but they should not partake of the profits except in the quality of workmen.

The social workshop once set a-going on these principles, one may see what would be the result. In every important branch of trade, that of machine-making for example, or that of silk-manufacture, or cotton manufacture, or that of printing, there would be a social workshop competing with the private trade. Would the struggle be long? No, because the social workshop would have over every private workshop the advantage that results from the superior economy of the system of life in common, and from a mode of organization in which the laborers without exception are interested in producing fast and well. Would the struggle be subversive? No, because the government would always have it in its power to deaden its effects by hindering the produce of its own workshops from reaching too low a level.

Now, although these views were the private speculations of M. Louis Blanc, and were even contravened by some of the most liberal politicians and economists of France—as, for instance, by M. Lamartine, and most powerfully of all, by the former Saint-Simonian, M. Michel Chevalier, yet, upon the whole, it may be said, that from the year 1840, such views of an indefinite industrial reform to be achieved through the coöperative principle have, in one shape or other, tinged all the thinking, and all the writing, of the high French republicans. It was the knowledge of this fact, doubtless, and the knowledge also how deeply communist ideas had taken root among the industrial classes, in all the large towns of France, that enabled Louis Blanc, when re-publishing his “*Organization du Travail*,” a few months ago, to make a most striking prediction. “We are called Utopians,” he said, “by practical men, because, in the midst of a *régime* so corrupt as the present, we indulge in such dreams of industrial reform. But what would have been said of a man who, during the last years of Louis XV., had enumerated the changes that were actually to take place within a few years? Well, the partisans of the new social order are this day precisely in the position of such a man. And, assuredly, between the existing regime, and the application of our

ideas, the distance is infinitely less than was that between the condition of society that subsisted on the eve of 1789, and that which subsisted on the morrow.”

In all respects, the revolution of February last was an industrial revolution—a revolution in the name of the industrial classes, and in behalf of their interests as understood or misunderstood by themselves. This is its peculiarity. This also is what it professes and asserts itself to be. Not only has it conferred on every living Frenchman a vote, and on every Frenchman above twenty-five a right to be elected into the legislature; but it has proclaimed its determination that a large proportion of the future legislators of France shall be workmen. “Elect workmen largely,” said the *National*, “the education of the college is not favorable, nor that of the workshop unfavorable, for the produce of the eminent function of a deputy to the national assembly. To use a figure, the admitted ideas obtained by the common course of education are a paper money which has no longer any value on the political bourse. Old political knowledge consists of mere prejudices acquired under former *régimes*.” They err greatly who consider these official declarations of the wishes of the provisional government as originating in mere vulgar contempt for knowledge. To this the fact that while demanding the return of workmen as deputies they have also largely encouraged the election of artists and men of philosophic reputation, above all social philosophers, is a sufficient contradiction. Daring as the language of the provisional government with regard to the elections has been, and mischievous as may be its effects, it is deliberate and proceeds on a deep principle. The new *régime*, they say, is to be an industrial one; it is necessary, above all, then, that the industrial classes be allowed to reveal themselves and all that is in them, even though for months the revelation should consist in mere clamor and vociferation. The transition must be made, they say, some time or other; as well have it now.

Again, with regard to that modified communism which builds itself on the coöperative principle, the revolution has in a manner adopted it. Scarcely were the three days of February over, when two important companies, viz., the proprietors of the *Presse* newspaper, and the directors of the Northern Railway, announced their intention to conduct the businesses over which they respectively presided on the Leclaire system. Various other private companies, we believe, have followed their example; in one case—that of an establishment at Havre, the operatives are said to have demanded the privilege of partnership. Nor has government been idle. Under the auspices of the sanguine Louis Blanc, four great social workshops have been set on foot in Paris, to which barracks are to be attached when the scheme is complete for the accommodation of the operatives and their families. And, lastly, in order as it were to sow the whole soil of France with so many communist centres, from which the change may spread

over society, the intention is to empower government to undertake, or as it were buy up, by the device of a sinking-fund, bankrupt concerns, which it shall stock with workmen associated on the co-operative principle. By the competition of these state workshops with the private ones, Louis Blanc expects that the system will extend itself. Meanwhile, fortunately, the other side is not unrepresented. M. Michel Chevalier, in particular, has again come forward as an opponent of the schemes of M. Louis Blanc, and a defender of the interests which he attacks. The services of such a man, an ardent devotee as he is of social amelioration, and yet competent as he is by his long and intimate acquaintance with political economy, to expose what is Utopian in these speculations of the communists, cannot fail to be valuable. On the other hand, however, M. Louis Blanc himself, and his associates in the more violent section of the provisional government, MM. Ledru Rollin, Albert, and Flocon, occupy an almost conservative position, as compared with certain popular leaders not in the government. At the head of the communists, specially so called, who carry the ideas of life in common and equality of conditions, to their utmost lengths, are two men of great influence with the working classes, MM. Cabet and Blanqui; and even as we write, these leaders are attempting to overthrow the provisional government, and force on the revolution a stage further.

To what crashes these experiments may lead no one can tell. Dreamy enthusiasm is destined, we fear, to be cruelly disappointed. Capital will hasten away out of a country where the natural laws by which it seems to expand itself are violated. In the vain endeavor to share equally out among the producers the profits of their labor, the stimulus to production will everywhere be lessened—in some quarters will altogether be destroyed. In ridding himself of the tyranny of his employer, the poor laborer will rid himself also of the means of his employment. Nor can any state step in to supply the place of that grand body of capitalists by whom the industry of the country has been hitherto sustained. It does so at extremest peril. We should care comparatively little if all that these experiments were to end in was a simple disappointment; if, after having tried and failed, industry cheerfully returned to its old channels; but what if the failure shall come amid the cries of a famishing population—what if crime should follow quick in the wake of want—and what if the vexed chagrin of the needy shall cry for vengeance on the heads of their rulers who may not make good what they have promised—and what if their rulers shall try to turn off from themselves the vengeance by opening up for it the vent of war? What if disorganization at home, and bloodshed abroad, shall be the fruit of their Utopian and unchristian attempts to reorganize? We wait to see the issues—in fear, we acknowledge, more than in hope; but, meanwhile, let us look on, and be ready to appropriate the lessons which Paris shall be teaching us. If, out of the social chaos which

its vehement and susceptible inhabitants are preparing, almost of design, for their country, any idea good and practical, with proofs and corroborations attached to it, shall emerge, let us give it at once due welcome, nor quarrel with it because of the quarter whence it comes. And surely even already, there is one lesson clearly enough written out in the light of this great outbreak. Let us try now all the more earnestly, through the neglected multitudes of the lower class among ourselves, to spread the spirit of an intelligent and healthful Christianity; for had such a spirit pervaded, to any extent, the population of Paris, it had been saved all the horrors of the past and of the future. The hope of the neglected children of toil had found better and more satisfying objects to rest upon, and their sense of injury had made other and more legitimate manifestations.

From the Examiner, 6 May.

A GERMAN EMPIRE.

GERMANY seems too late in its attempts at union and centralization. There was a period when all European countries tended this way; and when sovereigns did but fulfil the mission of their age when they destroyed local independence, and forced the heterogeneous elements of a great empire into something like harmony and compactness. But the epoch for this great operation seems to have completely passed by. Disseverance and dissolution, or, at least, decentralization, forms the order and tendency of the time. There seems to reign a centrifugal force in every province; and instead of each wishing to be master over others, each seems desirous to be master at home.

Perhaps all this arises from the chief impulse in past times coming from kings, and statesmen, and privileged classes, all fraught with ambition, and more eager to grasp than to keep. Whereas now the people form the great wheels of opinion and policy. And the masses want the heroic and individualized virtue of ambition, whilst they feel very strongly the more domestic one of local independence.

At all events, there are half-a-dozen centres in Germany each struggling to remain so. There is Prussia, whose king hoisted the imperial colors the other day, and who has played the emperor by marching to enforce German-imperial rights over Schleswig. There is Austria, which declares most decidedly that, since Rhenish Germany will not obey Austrian rule, Austria will not stoop to Rhenish Germany. Frankfort rises between them; and a kind of improvised constituent assembly in its old *Roemer* has fabricated a very pretty and comprehensive constitution, which puts a Frankfort emperor over the head of all German princes, and which distributes privileges and ponderates powers in a style that looks imposing upon paper.

But German democracy, so irresistible in its first awakening and impulses, has cooled considerably. Its extreme republicans have taken the field in the Black Forest, and been severely beaten. Its com-

munists have been repressed in Berlin, and at Vienna the *bourgeoisie* is quite victorious. Democracy, therefore, is no longer at that incandescent heat, which melts ever so large a mass of heterogeneous matter into one, as was done by the great French Revolution. It has stopped short of that great smelting; and the old elements of separation subsist. The strongest symptoms of repudiation are shown by the Slavonic element. Every motive of interest, every bond of prudence, at the present moment, should have prompted the Pole to have made common cause with the German. It is his only chance of regeneration. But no—the Pole will not amalgamate, the Slavon must separate from the Teuton. And he does this even before he has refounded or reconquered a country; for country the Slavon has none. The behavior of the Poles in Posen has been little short of madness. As Celts never have got, and never will get, the civilizing and liberalizing leaven of polity and social life except from the Saxon, so the Pole can never receive freedom or any of its concomitants but from the German. Yet on the very eve of the German's doing this for him, the Pole turns round to cut the German's throat, precisely as Young Celtic Land has striven to strangle Old England.

It is a serious weakening of Germany that Posen and Bohemia, and even the half-Slavonized Austria, should reject the old Fatherland. In fact, Germany can never be one without Bohemia. For Bohemia, independent, advances westward so far as to cut Germany in two. It makes a South Germany and a North Germany, and forbids their perfect blending. The possession of Prague is thus a *sine quâ non* of German unity and empire, just as the possession of Dublin is indispensable to the existence of such a thing as a British empire.

Yet there is one chance for German unity, and that consists in German and Slavonian, and their common freedom, being attacked by a powerful enemy like Russia. France is indebted for much of her unity to foreign attacks. But for that, her moderate school of republicans might have federated their land. The German aristocracy will infallibly keep Germany federative, unless the nation is attacked, and thereby called to exert its united strength.

Russia, however, appears too cunning and too wary to give the Germans and Poles any such advantage. Nicholas seems to guard a strictly defensive and inoffensive attitude, biding his time, and allowing full opportunity for all the dissolvents at work in Germany, and Bohemia, and Hungary, and Italy, to do their work. Russia will be well able to manage a divided Germany or a divided Europe. If liberalism does not unite foes against the Colossus of the North, the Colossus stands safe; nay, may one day take a gigantic and a fearful stride westward.

The Voice of the People. A Supplement to all Newspapers. Published Weekly. Price 3d. Nos. I. II. III.

Politics for the People. Weekly. Price 1d. Nos. I. II.

THE spirit of change that is abroad has produced various addresses to "the People," with a view to influence them either on one side or the other. The two periodicals before us challenge attention as much for intrinsic merit as for the quarters whence they emanate. *The Voice of the People* appears under the auspices of Mr. Charles Knight; and really represents the spirit of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Mr. Knight himself was one of the animating souls. *Politics for the People* is published by Mr. Parker; who was the medium of communication between the world and the conductors of the Saturday Magazine, as he still is between the public and many persons connected with the learned professions, especially divinity.

The plan of both publications is somewhat similar. Each deals with current events and the principles of present politics, but less as matter of narrative than of discussion—rather as supplements, and in some cases it may be as correctives to newspapers, than as a newspaper or a substitute for a newspaper. The object of both is "progress with order," and a firm opposition to schemes which may lead to social disorganization and political anarchy. In spirit they are not opposite but different; and we think there is most geniality in the *Politics for the People*. It shows, perhaps, a little awkwardness; but it has warmth, unction, and a real human sympathy; the politics are not those of party, but catholic in spirit, and liberal, if not at present very definite beyond an extension of the suffrage. *The Voice* has a touch of the old tone; it is a voice of wisdom. It does not, like old whiggery, look down upon "the people," as people very well in their way; nor does it advocate government for the people not *by* the people. But the people are looked upon as persons to be taught, especially political economy; and *The Voice* is their teacher. Sound, well informed, full of matter, and not unacquainted with the facts of actual life especially among the working classes—but rather dogmatic in tone, somewhat encyclopædic in manner, and perhaps with a shade too much of the political economist engrafted upon the commissioner of inquiry. Both, however, are able and informing works, at a price that, we imagine, can only pay for material expenses; and both great and refreshing contrasts to the twaddle of excellent Mrs. Hannah More, the foolish though often malicious humbug of the "Tracts for Distribution," or the impudent semi-official misrepresentation and cajolery of the anti-Cobbett class, by which a wish for progress was formerly met. Both, however, might be better for a little more variety in subjects, and a more popular mode of treatment.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATTER DAYS OF THE
HON. RICHARD MARSTON, OF DUNORAN.

PART I.

"When Lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin; and Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth Death."

ABOUT sixty years ago, and somewhat more than twenty miles from the capital of Ireland, in a southward direction, there stood a large, and, even then, an old-fashioned mansion-house. It lay in the midst of a demesne of considerable extent, and richly wooded with venerable timber; but, apart from the sombre majesty of these giant groups, and the varieties of the undulating ground on which they stood, there was little that could be deemed attractive in the place. A certain air of neglect and decay, and an indescribable gloom and melancholy, hung over it. In darkness, it seemed darker than any tract beside; when the moonlight fell upon its glades and hollows, they looked spectral and awful, with a sort of churchyard loneliness; and even when the blush of morning kissed its broad woodlands, there was a melancholy in the salute which saddened rather than cheered the heart of the beholder.

This antique, melancholy, and neglected place, we shall call, for distinctness sake, Dunoran. It was then the property of the younger son of a nobleman, once celebrated for his ability and his daring, but who had long since passed to that land where human wisdom and courage avail nought. The representative of this noble house resided at the family mansion in England, and the cadet, whose fortunes we mean to sketch in these pages, lived upon the narrow surplus of an encumbered income, in a reserved and unsocial discontent, deep among the solemn shadows of the old woods of Dunoran.

The Hon. Richard Marston was now somewhere between forty and fifty years of age—perhaps nearer the latter; he still, however, preserved, in an eminent degree, the traits of manly beauty, not the less remarkable for its unquestionably haughty and passionate character. He had married a beautiful girl, of good family, but without much money, somewhere about sixteen years before; and two children, a son and a daughter, had been the fruit of this union. The boy, Harry Marston, was at this time at Cambridge; and his sister, scarcely fifteen, was at home with her parents, and under the training of an accomplished governess, who had been recommended to them by a noble relative of Mrs. Marston. She was a native of France, but thoroughly mistress of the English language, and, except for a foreign accent, which gave a certain prettiness to all she said, she spoke it as perfectly as any native Englishwoman. This young Frenchwoman was eminently handsome and attractive. Expressive dark eyes, a clear olive complexion, small even teeth, and a beautifully-dimpling smile, more perhaps than a strictly classic regularity of features, were the secrets of her unquestionable

influence, at first sight, upon the fancy of every man of taste who beheld her.

Mr. Marston's fortune, never very large, had been shattered by early dissipation. Naturally of a proud and somewhat exacting temper, he acutely felt the mortifying consequences of his poverty. The want of what he felt ought to have been his position and influence in the county in which he resided, fretted and galled him; and he cherished a resentful and bitter sense of every slight, imaginary or real, to which the same fruitful source of annoyance and humiliation had exposed him. He held, therefore, but little intercourse with the surrounding gentry, and that little not of the pleasantest possible kind; for, not being himself in a condition to entertain, in that style which his own ideas of his station had led him to conceive to be but suitable, he declined, as far as was compatible with good breeding, all the proffered hospitalities of the neighborhood; and, from his wild and neglected park, looked out upon the surrounding world in a spirit of moroseness and defiance, very unlike, indeed, to that of neighborly good-will.

In the midst, however, of many of the annoyances attendant upon crippled means, he enjoyed a few of those shadowy indications of hereditary importance, which are more dearly prized, in proportion as the substantial accessories of wealth have disappeared. The mansion in which he dwelt was, though old-fashioned, imposing in its aspect, and upon a scale unequivocally aristocratic; its walls were hung with ancestral portraits, and he managed to maintain about him a large and tolerably respectable staff of servants. In addition to these, he had his extensive demesne, his deer-park, and his unrivalled timber, wherewith to console himself; and, in the consciousness of these possessions, he found some imperfect assuagement of those bitter feelings of suppressed scorn and resentment, which a sense of lost station and slighted importance engendered.

Mr. Marston's early habits had, unhappily, been of a kind to aggravate, rather than alleviate, the annoyances incidental to reduced means. He had been a gay man, a voluptuary, and a gambler. His vicious tastes had survived the means of their gratification. His love for his wife had been nothing more than one of those vehement and headstrong fancies, which, in self-indulgent men, sometimes result in marriage, and which seldom outlive the first few months of that life-long connection. Mrs. Marston was a gentle, noble-minded woman. After agonies of disappointment, which none ever suspected, she had at length learned to submit, in sad and gentle acquiescence, to her fate. Those feelings, which had been the charm of her young days, were gone, and, as she bitterly felt, forever. For them there was no recall—they could not return; and, without complaint or reproach, she yielded to what she felt was inevitable. It was impossible to look at Mrs. Marston, and not to discern, at a glance, the ruin of a surpassingly beautiful woman—a good deal wasted, pale, and

chastened with a deep, untold sorrow—but still possessing the outlines, both in face and form, of that noble beauty and matchless grace, which had made her, in happier days, the admired of all observers. But equally impossible was it to converse with her, for even a minute, without hearing, in the gentle and melancholy music of her voice, the sad echoes of those griefs to which her early beauty had been sacrificed—an undying sense of lost love, and happiness departed, never to come again.

One morning, Mr. Marston had walked, as was his custom when he expected the messenger who brought from the neighboring post-office the Dublin letters, some way down the broad, straight avenue, with its double rows of lofty trees at each side, when he encountered the nimble emissary on his return. He took the letter-bag in silence. It contained but two letters—one addressed to “Mademoiselle de Barras, chez M. Marston,” and the other to himself. He took them both, dismissed the messenger, and opening that addressed to himself, read as follows, while he slowly retraced his steps towards the house:—

DEAR RICHARD—I am a whimsical fellow, as you doubtless remember, and have lately grown they tell me rather hippish besides. I do not know to which infirmity I am to attribute a sudden fancy which urges me to pay you a visit, if you will admit me. To say truth, my dear Dick, I wish to see a little of Ireland, and, I will confess it, *en passant*, to see a little of you too. I really wish to make acquaintance with your family; and though they tell me my health is very much shaken, I must say, in self-defence, I am not a troublesome inmate. I can perfectly take care of myself, and need no nursing or caudling whatever. Will you present this, my petition, to Mrs. Marston, and report her decision thereon to me. Seriously, I know that your house may be full, or some other *contre-temps* may make it impracticable for me just now to invade you. If it be so, tell me, my dear Richard, frankly, as my movements are perfectly free, and my time all my own, so that I can arrange my visit to suit your convenience.

Yours, &c.,

WYNSTON E. BERKLEY.

P. S.—Direct to me at — hotel, in Dublin, as I shall probably be there by the time this reaches you.

“Ill-bred and pushing as ever,” quoth Mr. Marston, angrily, as he thrust the unwelcome letter into his pocket. “This fellow, wallowing in wealth, without one nearer relative on earth than I, and associated more nearly still with me by the — psha! not affection—the *recollections* of early and intimate companionship, leaves me unaided, for years of desertion and suffering, to the buffetings of the world, and the troubles of all but overwhelming pecuniary difficulties, and now, with the cool confidence of one entitled to respect and welcome, invites himself to my house. Coming here,” he continued, after a gloomy pause, and still pacing slowly toward the house, “to collect amusing materials for next season’s gossip—stories about the married Benedict—the bankrupt beau—the outcast

tenant of an Irish wilderness;” and, as he said this, he looked at the neglected prospect before him with an eye almost of hatred. “Ay, ay, to see the nakedness of the land is he coming, but he shall be disappointed. His money may buy him a cordial welcome at an inn, but curse me if it shall purchase him a reception here!”

He again opened and glanced through the letter.

“Ay, purposely put in such a way that I can’t decline it without affronting him,” he continued doggedly. “Well, then, he has no one to blame but himself—affronted he shall be; I shall effectually put an end to this humorous excursion. Egad, it is rather hard if a man cannot keep his poverty to himself.”

Sir Wynston Berkley was a baronet of large fortune—a selfish, fashionable man, and an inveterate bachelor. He and Marston had been school-fellows, and the violent and implacable temper of the former had as little impressed his companion with feelings of regard, as the frivolity and selfishness of the baronet had won the esteem of his relative. As boys, they had little in common upon which to rest the basis of a friendship, or even a mutual liking. Berkley was gay, cold, and satirical; his cousin—for cousins they were—was jealous, haughty and relentless. Their negative disinclination to one another’s society, not unnaturally engendered by uncongenial and unamiable dispositions, had for a time given place to actual hostility, while the two young men were at Oxford. In some intrigue, Marston discovered in his cousin a too-successful rival; the consequence was, a bitter and furious quarrel, which, but for the prompt and peremptory interference of friends, Marston would undoubtedly have pushed to a bloody issue. Time had, however, healed this rupture, and the young men came to regard one another with the same feeling, and eventually to reestablish the same sort of cold and indifferent intimacy which had subsisted between them before their angry collision.

Under these circumstances, whatever suspicion Marston might have felt on the receipt of the unexpected, and indeed unaccountable proposal, which had just reached him, he certainly had little reason to complain of any violation of early friendship in the neglect with which Sir Wynston had hitherto treated him. In deciding to decline his proposed visit, however, Marston had not consulted the impulses of spite or anger. He knew the baronet well; he knew that he cherished no goodwill towards him, and that in the project which he had thus unexpectedly broached, whatever indirect or selfish motives might possibly be at the bottom of it, no friendly feeling had ever mingled. He was therefore resolved to avoid the trouble and the expense of a visit in all respects distasteful to him, and in a gentlemanlike way, but, at the same time, as the reader may suppose, with very little anxiety as to whether or not his gay correspondent should take offence at his reply, to decline, once for all, the proposed distinction.

With this resolution, he entered the spacious and somewhat dilapidated mansion which called him master; and entering a sitting-room, appropriated to his daughter's use, he found her there, in company with her beautiful French governess. He kissed his child, and saluted her young preceptor with formal courtesy.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I have got a letter for you; and, Rhoda," he continued, addressing his pretty daughter, "bring this to your mother, and say I request her to read it."

He gave her the letter he himself had just received, and the girl tripped lightly away upon her mission.

Had he narrowly scrutinized the countenance of the fair Frenchwoman, as she glanced at the direction of that which he had just placed in *her* hand, he might have seen certain transient, but very unmistakable, evidences of excitement and agitation. She quickly concealed the letter, however, and with a sigh, the momentary flush which it had called to her cheek subsided, and she was tranquil as usual.

Mr. Marston remained for some minutes—five, eight, or ten, we cannot say precisely—pretty much where he had stood on first entering the chamber, doubtless awaiting the return of his messenger, or the appearance of his wife. At length, however, he left the room himself to seek her; but, during his brief stay, his previous resolution had been removed. By what influence we cannot say; but removed completely it unquestionably was, and a final determination that Sir Wynston Berkley should become his guest had fixedly taken its place.

As Marston walked along the passages which led from this room, he encountered Mrs. Marston and his daughter.

"Well," said he "you have read Wynston's letter?"

"Yes," she replied, returning it to him; "and what answer, Richard, do you purpose giving him?"

She was about to hazard a conjecture, but checked herself, remembering that even so faint an evidence of a disposition to advise might possibly be resented by her cold and imperious lord.

"I have considered it, and decided to receive him," he replied.

"Ah! I am afraid—that is, I hope—he may find our housekeeping such as he can enjoy," she said, with an involuntary expression of surprise; for she had scarcely had a doubt that her husband would have preferred evading the visit of his fine friend, under his gloomy circumstances.

"If our modest fare does not suit him," said Marston, with sullen bitterness, "he can depart as easily as he came. We, poor gentlemen, can but do our best. I have thought it over, and made up my mind."

"And how soon, my dear Richard, do you intend fixing his arrival?" she inquired, with the natural uneasiness of one upon whom, in an establishment whose pretensions considerably ex-

ceeded its resources, the perplexing cares of housekeeping devolved.

"Why, as soon as he pleases," replied he. "I suppose you can easily have his room prepared by to-morrow or next day. I shall write by this mail, and tell him to come down at once."

Having said this in a cold, decisive way, he turned and left her, as it seemed, not caring to be teased with further questions. He took his solitary way to a distant part of his wild park, where, far from the likelihood of disturbance or intrusion, he was often wont to amuse himself for the live-long day, in the sedentary sport of shooting rabbits. And there we leave him for the present, signifying to the distant inmates of his house the industrious pursuit of his unsocial occupation, by the dropping fire which sullenly, from hour to hour, echoed from the remote woods.

Mrs. Marston issued her orders; and having set on foot all the necessary preparations for so unwonted an event as a visit of some duration to Dunoran, she betook herself to her little boudoir—the scene of many an hour of patient but bitter suffering, unseen by human eye, and unknown, except to the just Searcher of hearts, to whom belong mercy and VENGEANCE.

Mrs. Marston had but two friends to whom she had ever spoken upon the subject nearest her heart—the estrangement of her husband, a sorrow to which even time had failed to reconcile her. From her children this grief was carefully concealed. To them she never uttered the semblance of a complaint. Anything that could by possibility have reflected blame or dishonor upon their father, she would have perished rather than have allowed them so much as to suspect. The two friends who did understand her feelings, though in different degrees, were, one, a good and venerable clergyman, the Rev. Doctor Danvers, a frequent visitor and occasional guest at Dunoran, where his simple manners and unaffected benignity and tenderness of heart, had won the love of all, with the exception of its master, and commanded even his respect. The second was no other than the young French governess, Mademoiselle de Barras, in whose ready sympathy and consolatory counsels she found no small happiness. The society of this young lady had indeed become, next to that of her daughter, her greatest comfort and pleasure.

Mademoiselle de Barras was of a noble though ruined French family, and a certain nameless elegance and dignity attested, spite of her fallen condition, the purity of her descent. She was accomplished—possessed of that fine perception and sensitiveness, and that ready power of self-adaptation to the peculiarities and moods of others, which we term tact—and was, moreover, gifted with a certain natural grace, and manners the most winning imaginable. In short, she was a fascinating companion; and when the melancholy circumstances of her own situation, and the sad history of her once rich and noble family, were taken into account, with her striking attractions of person

and air, the combination of all these associations and impressions rendered her one of the most interesting persons that could well be imagined. The circumstances of Mademoiselle de Barras' history and descent seemed to warrant, on Mrs. Marston's part, a closer intimacy and confidence than usually subsists between parties mutually occupying such a relation.

Mrs. Marston had hardly established herself in this little apartment, when a light foot approached, a gentle tap was given at the door, and Mademoiselle de Barras entered.

"Ah, mademoiselle, so kind—such pretty flowers. Pray sit down," said the lady, with a sweet and grateful smile, as she took from the taper fingers of the foreigner the little bouquet which she had been at the pains to gather.

Mademoiselle sat down, and gently took the lady's hand and kissed it. A small matter will overflow a heart charged with sorrow—a chance word, a look, some little office of kindness—and so it was with mademoiselle's bouquet and gentle kiss. Mrs. Marston's heart was touched; her eyes filled with bright tears; she smiled gratefully upon her fair and humble companion, and as she smiled, her tears overflowed, and she wept in silence for some minutes.

"My poor mademoiselle," she said, at last, "you are so very, very kind."

Mademoiselle said nothing; she lowered her eyes, and pressed the poor lady's hand.

Apparently to interrupt an embarrassing silence, and to give a more cheerful tone to their little interview, the governess, in a gay tone, on a sudden said—

"And so, madame, we are to have a visitor, Miss Rhoda tells me—a baronet, is he not?"

"Yes, indeed, mademoiselle—Sir Wynston Berkley, a gay London gentleman, and a cousin of Mr. Marston's," she replied.

"Ha—a cousin!" exclaimed the young lady, with a little more surprise in her tone than seemed altogether called for—"a cousin—oh, then, that is the reason of his visit. Do, pray, madame, tell me all about him—I am so much afraid of strangers, and what you call men of the world. Oh, dear Mrs. Marston, I am not worthy to be here, and he will see all that in a moment—indeed, indeed, I am afraid. Pray tell me all about him."

She said this with a simplicity which made the elder lady smile, and while mademoiselle readjusted the tiny flowers which formed the bouquet she had just presented to her, Mrs. Marston good-naturedly recounted to her all she knew of Sir Wynston Berkley, which, in substance, amounted to no more than we have already stated. When she concluded, the young French woman continued for some time silent, still busy with her flowers. But, suddenly, she heaved a deep sigh, and shook her head.

"You seem disquieted, mademoiselle," said Mrs. Marston, in a tone of kindness.

"I am thinking, madame," she said, still looking upon the flowers which she was adjusting, and

again sighing profoundly—"I am thinking of what you said to me a week ago—alas!"

"I do not remember what it was, my good mademoiselle—nothing, I am sure, that ought to grieve you—at least nothing that was intended to have that effect," replied the lady, in a tone of gentle encouragement.

"No, not intended, madame," said the young Frenchwoman, sorrowfully.

"Well, what is it? Perhaps you misunderstood; perhaps I can explain what I said," replied Mrs. Marston, affectionately.

"Ah, madame, you think—you think I am *unlucky*," answered the young lady, slowly and faintly.

"Unlucky! Dear mademoiselle, you surprise me," rejoined her companion.

"I mean—what I mean is this, madame—you date unhappiness—if not its beginning, at least its great aggravation and increase," she answered dejectedly, "from the time of my coming here, madame; and though I know you are too good to dislike me on that account, yet I must, in your eyes, be ever connected with calamity, and look like some ominous thing."

"Dear mademoiselle, allow no such thought to enter your mind. You do me great wrong, indeed you do," said Mrs. Marston, laying her hand upon the young lady's, kindly.

There was silence for a little time, and the elder lady resumed—

"I remember now what you allude to, dear mademoiselle—the increased estrangement, the widening separation which severs me from one unutterably dear to me—the first and bitter disappointment of my life, which seems to grow more hopelessly incurable day by day."

Mrs. Marston paused, and, after a brief silence, the governess said—

"I am very superstitious myself, dear madame, and I thought I must have seemed to you an inauspicious inmate—in short, *unlucky*—as I have said; and the thought made me very unhappy—so unhappy, that I was going to leave you, madame—I may now tell you frankly—going away; but you have set my doubts at rest, and I am quite happy again."

"Dear mademoiselle!" cried the lady tenderly, and rising, as she spake, to kiss the cheek of her humble friend; "never—never speak of this again. God knows I have too few friends on earth, to spare the kindest and tenderest among them all. No, no. You little think what comfort I have found in your warm-hearted and ready sympathy, and how dearly I prize your affection, my poor mademoiselle."

The young Frenchwoman rose, with downcast eyes, and a dimpling, happy smile; and, as Mrs. Marston drew her affectionately toward her, and kissed her, she timidly returned the embrace of her kind patroness. For a moment her graceful arms encircled her, and she whispered, "Dear madame, how happy—how very happy you make me."

Had Ithuriel touched with his spear the beautiful young woman, thus for a moment, as it seemed, lost in a trance of gratitude and love, would that angelic form have stood the test unscathed? A spectator, marking the scene, might have observed a strange gleam in her eyes—a strange expression in her face—an influence for a moment *not* angelic, like a shadow of some passing spirit, cross her visibly, as she leaned over the gentle lady's neck, and murmured, "Dear madame, how happy—how very happy you make me!" Such a spectator, as he looked at that gentle lady, might have seen, for one dreamy moment, a lithe and painted serpent, coiled round and round, and hissing in her ear.

A few minutes more, and mademoiselle was in the solitude of her own apartment. She shut and bolted the door, and taking from her desk the letter which she had that morning received, threw herself into an arm-chair, and studied the document profoundly. Her actual revision and scrutiny of the letter itself was interrupted by long intervals of profound abstraction; and, after a full hour thus spent, she locked it carefully up again, and with a clear brow, and a gay smile, rejoined her pretty pupil for a walk.

We must now pass over an interval of a few days, and come at once to the arrival of Sir Wynston Berkley, which duly occurred upon the evening of the day appointed. The baronet descended from his chaise but a little time before the hour at which the little party which formed the family at Dunoran were wont to assemble for the social meal of supper. A few minutes devoted to the mysteries of the toilet, with the aid of an accomplished valet, enabled him to appear, as he conceived, without disadvantage at this domestic reunion.

Sir Wynston Berkley was a particularly gentlemanlike person. He was rather tall, and elegantly made, with gay, easy manners, and something indefinably aristocratic in his face, which, however, was a little more worn than his years would have strictly accounted for. But Sir Wynston had been a *roué*, and, spite of the cleverest possible making up, the ravages of excess were very traceable in the lively beau of fifty. Perfectly well dressed, and with a manner that was ease and gayety itself, he was at home from the moment he entered the room. Of course, anything like genuine cordiality was out of the question; but Mr. Marston embraced his relative with perfect good breeding, and the baronet appeared determined to like everybody, and be pleased with everything.

He had not been five minutes in the parlor, chatting gayly with Mr. and Mrs. Marston and their pretty daughter, when Mademoiselle de Barras entered the room. As she moved towards Mrs. Marston, Sir Wynston rose, and, observing her with evident admiration, said in an under-tone, inquiringly, to Marston, who was beside him—

"And this?"

"That is Mademoiselle de Barras, my daughter's governess, and Mrs. Marston's companion," said Marston, drily.

"Ha!" said Sir Wynston—"I thought you

were but three at home just now, and I was right. Your son is at Cambridge; I heard so from an old friend, Jack Manbury. Jack has his boy, there, too. D—n me, Dick, it seems but last week that you and I were there together."

"Yes," said Marston, looking gloomily into the fire, as if he saw, in its smoke and flicker, the phantoms of murdered time and opportunity; "but I hate looking back, Wynston. The past is to me but a medley of ill-luck and worse management."

"Why, what an ungrateful dog you are!" returned Sir Wynston, gayly, turning his back upon the fire, and glancing round the spacious and handsome, though somewhat faded, apartment. "I was on the point of congratulating you on the possession of the finest park and noblest demesne in Ireland, when you begin to *grumble*. Egad, Dick, all I can say to your complaint is, that I don't pity you, and there are dozens who may honestly *envy* you—that is all."

In spite of this cheering assurance, Marston remained sullenly silent. Supper, however, had now been served, and the little party assumed their places at the table.

"I am sorry, Wynston, I have no sport of any kind to offer you here," said Marston, "except, indeed, some good trout-fishing, if you like it. I have three miles of excellent fishing at your command."

"My dear fellow, I am a mere cockney," rejoined Sir Wynston; "I am not a sportsman; I never tried it, and should not like to begin now. No, Dick—what I much prefer is, abundance of your fresh air, and the enjoyment of your scenery. When I was at Rouen three years ago——"

"Ha!—Rouen! Mademoiselle will feel an interest in that—it is her birth-place," interrupted Marston, glancing at the Frenchwoman.

"Yes—Rouen—ah—yes!" said Mademoiselle, with very evident embarrassment.

Sir Wynston appeared for a moment a little disconcerted, too, but rallied speedily, and pursued his detail of his doings at that fair town of Normandy.

Marston knew Sir Wynston well; and he rightly calculated that whatever effect his experience of the world might have had in intensifying his selfishness or hardening his heart, it certainly could have had none in improving a character originally worthless and unfeeling. He knew, moreover, that his wealthy cousin was gifted with a great deal of that small cunning which is available for masking the little scheming of frivolous and worldly men; and that Sir Wynston never took trouble of any kind without a sufficient purpose, having its centre in his own personal gratification.

This visit greatly puzzled Marston; it gave him even a vague sense of uneasiness. Could there exist any flaw in his own title to the estate of Dunoran? He had an unpleasant, doubtful sort of remembrance of some apprehensions of this kind, when he was but a child, having been whispered in the family. Could this really be so, and could

the baronet have been led to make this unexpected visit merely for the purpose of personally examining into the condition of a property of which he was about to become the legal invader? The nature of this suspicion affords, at all events, a fair gauge of Marston's estimate of his cousin's character. And as he revolved these doubts from time to time, and as the thought of Mademoiselle de Barras' transient, but unaccountable, embarrassment at the mention of Rouen by Sir Wynston—an embarrassment which the baronet himself appeared for a moment to reciprocate—flashed occasionally upon his remembrance, undefined, glimmering suspicions of another kind flickered through the darkness of his mind. He was effectually puzzled—his surmises and conjectures baffled; and he more than half repented that he had acceded to his cousin's proposal, and admitted him as an inmate in his house.

Although Sir Wynston comported himself as if he were conscious of being the very most-welcome visitor who could possibly have established himself at Dunoran, he was, doubtless, fully aware of the real feelings with which he was regarded by his host. If he had in reality an object in prolonging his stay, and wished to make the postponement of his departure the direct interest of his entertainer, he unquestionably took effectual measures for that purpose.

The little party broke up every evening at about ten o'clock, and Sir Wynston retired to his chamber at the same hour. He found little difficulty in inducing Marston to amuse him there with a quiet game of piquet. In his own room, therefore, in the luxurious ease of dressing-gown and slippers he sat at cards with his host, often until an hour or two past midnight. Sir Wynston was exorbitantly wealthy, and very reckless in expenditure. The stakes for which they played, although they gradually became in reality pretty heavy, were in his eyes a very unimportant consideration. Marston, on the other hand, was poor, and played with the eye of a lynx and the appetite of a shark. The ease and perfect good-humor with which Sir Wynston lost were not unimproved by his entertainer, who, as may readily be supposed, was not sorry to reap this golden harvest, provided without the slightest sacrifice, on his part, of pride or independence. If, indeed, he sometimes suspected that his guest was a little more anxious to lose than to win, he was also quite resolved not to perceive it, but calmly persisted in, night after night, giving Sir Wynston, as he termed it, his revenge; or, in other words, treating him to a repetition of his losses. All this was very agreeable to Marston, who began to treat his visitor with, at all events, more external cordiality and distinction than at first.

An incident, however, occurred, which disturbed these amicable relations in an unexpected way. It becomes necessary here to mention that Mademoiselle de Barras' sleeping apartment opened from a long corridor. It was *en suite* with two dressing-rooms, each opening also upon the corridor, but

wholly unused and unfurnished. Some five or six other apartments also opened at either side, upon the same passage. These little local details being premised, it so happened that one day Marston, who had gone out with the intention of angling in the trout-stream which flowed through his park, though at a considerable distance from the house, having unexpectedly returned to procure some tackle which he had forgotten, was walking briskly through the corridor in question to his own apartment, when, to his surprise, the door of one of the deserted dressing-rooms, of which we have spoken, was cautiously pushed open, and Sir Wynston Berkley issued from it. Marston was almost beside him as he did so, and Sir Wynston made a motion as if about instinctively to draw back again, and at the same time the keen ear of his host distinctly caught the sound of rustling silks and a tip-toe tread hastily withdrawing from the deserted chamber. Sir Wynston looked nearly as much confused as a man of the world can look. Marston stopped short, and scanned his visitor for a moment with a very peculiar expression.

"You have caught me peeping, Dick. I am an inveterate explorer," said the baronet, with an ineffectual effort to shake off his embarrassment. "An open door in a fine old house is a temptation which——"

"That door is usually closed, and ought to be kept so," interrupted Marston, drily; "there is nothing whatever to be seen in the room but dust and cobwebs."

"Pardon me," said Sir Wynston, more easily, "you forget the view from the window."

"Ay, the view, to be sure; there is a good view from it," said Marston, with as much of his usual manner as he could resume so soon; and, at the same time, carelessly opening the door again, he walked in, accompanied by Sir Wynston, and both stood at the window together, looking out in silence upon a prospect which neither of them saw.

"Yes, I do think it is a good view," said Marston; and as he turned carelessly away, he darted a swift glance round the chamber. The door opening toward the French lady's apartment was closed, but not actually shut. This was enough; and as they left the room, Marston repeated his invitation to his guest to accompany him; but in a tone which showed that he scarcely followed the meaning of what he himself was saying.

He walked undecidedly toward his own room, then turned and went down stairs. In the hall he met his pretty child—

"Ha! Rhoda," said he, "you have not been out to-day?"

"No, papa; but it is so very fine, I think I shall go now."

"Yes; go, and mademoiselle can accompany you. Do you hear, Rhoda, mademoiselle goes with you, and you had better go at once."

A few minutes more, and Marston, from the parlor-window, beheld Rhoda and the elegant French girl walking together towards the woodlands. He

watched them gloomily, himself unseen, until the crowding underwood concealed their receding figures. Then, with a sigh, he turned and reascended the great staircase.

"I shall sift this mystery to the bottom," thought he. "I shall foil the conspirators, if so they be, with their own weapons—art with art—chicane with chicane—duplicity with duplicity."

He was now in the long passage which we have just spoken of, and glancing back and before him, to ascertain that no chance eye discerned him, he boldly entered mademoiselle's chamber. Her writing-desk lay upon the table. It was locked; and coolly taking it in his hands, Marston carried it into his own room, bolted his chamber-door, and taking two or three bunches of keys, he carefully tried nearly a dozen in succession, and when almost despairing of success, at last found one which fitted the lock, turned it, and opened the desk.

Sustained throughout his dishonorable task by some strong and angry passion, the sight of the open escrutoire checked and startled him for a moment. Violated privilege, invaded secrecy, base, perfidious espionage, upbraided and stigmatized him, as the intricacies of the outraged sanctuary opened upon his intrusive gaze. He felt for a moment shocked and humbled. He was impelled to lock and replace the desk where he had originally found it, without having effected his meditated treason; but this hesitation was transient; the fiery and reckless impulse which had urged him to the act, returned to enforce its consummation. With a guilty eye and eager hands, he searched the contents of this tiny repository of the fair Norman's written secrets.

"Ha! the very thing," he muttered, as he detected the identical letter which he himself had handed to Mademoiselle de Barras but a few days before. "The handwriting struck me—ill-disguised—I thought I knew it; we shall see."

He had opened the letter; it contained but a few lines; he held his breath while he read it. First he grew pale, then a shadow came over his face, and then another, and another—darker and darker—shade upon shade—as if an exhalation from the pit was momentarily blackening the air about him. He said nothing; there was but one long, gentle sigh, and in his face a mortal sternness, as he folded the letter again, replaced it, and locked the desk.

Of course, when Mademoiselle de Barras returned from her accustomed walk, she found everything in her room, to all appearance, undisturbed, and just as when she left it. While this young lady was making her toilet for the evening, and while Sir Wynston Berkley was worrying himself with conjectures as to whether Marston's evil looks, when he encountered him that morning in the passage, existed only in his own fancy, or were, in good truth, very grim and significant realities, Marston himself was striding alone through the wildest and darkest solitudes of his park, haunted by his own unholy thoughts, and, it may be, by those other evil and unearthly influences, which

wander, as we know, "in desert places." Darkness overtook him, and the chill of night, in these lonely tracts. In his *solitary* walk, what fearful *company* had he been keeping! As the shades of night deepened round him, the sense of the neighborhood of ill—the consciousness of the foul thoughts of which, where he was now treading, he had been for hours the sport—oppressed him with a vague and unknown terror; a certain horror of the thoughts which had been his comrades through the day, which he could not now shake off, and which clung to him with a ghastly and defiant tenacity, scared, while they half-enraged, him. He stalked swiftly homewards, like a guilty man pursued.

Marston was not perfectly satisfied, though very nearly, with the evidence now in his possession. The letter, the stolen perusal of which had so agitated him that day, bore no signature; but, independently of the handwriting, which seemed, spite of the constraint of an attempted disguise, to be familiar to his eye, there existed in the matter of the letter, short as it was, certain internal evidences, which, although not actually conclusive, raised certainly, in conjunction with all the other circumstances, a powerful presumption in aid of his suspicions. He resolved, however, to sift the matter further, and to bide his time. Meanwhile, his manner must indicate no trace of his dark surmises and bitter thoughts. Deception, in its two great branches, simulation and dissimulation, was easy to him. His habitual reserve and gloom would divest any accidental and momentary disclosures of his inward trouble, showing itself in dark looks or sullen silence, of everything suspicious or unaccountable, which would have characterized such displays and eccentricities in another man.

His rapid and reckless ramble—a kind of physical vent for the paroxysm which had so agitated him throughout the greater part of the day—had soiled and disordered his dress, and thus had helped to give to his whole appearance a certain air of haggard wildness, which, in the privacy of his chamber, he hastened carefully and entirely to remove.

At supper, Marston was apparently in unusually good spirits. Sir Wynston and he chatted gayly and fluently upon many subjects, grave and gay. Among them the inexhaustible topic of popular superstition happened to turn up, and especially the subject of strange prophecies of the fates and fortunes of individuals, singularly fulfilled in the events of their after-life.

"By-the-bye, Dick, this is rather a nervous topic for me to discuss," said Sir Wynston.

"How so?" asked his host.

"Why, don't you remember?" urged the baronet.

"No, I don't recollect what you allude to," replied Marston, in all sincerity.

"Why, don't you remember Eton?" pursued Sir Wynston.

"Yes—to be sure," said Marston.

"Well?" continued his visitor.

"Well, I really don't recollect the prophecy," replied Marston.

"What! do you forget the gypsy who predicted that you were to murder me, Dick—eh?"

"Ah—ha, ha!" laughed Marston, with a start.

"Don't you remember it now?" urged his companion.

"Ah—why—yes—I believe I do," said Marston; "but another prophecy was running in my mind—a gypsy prediction, too. At Ascot, do you recollect the girl told me I was to be the lord chancellor of England, and a duke besides."

"Well, Dick," rejoined Sir Wynston, merrily, "if both are to be fulfilled, or neither, I trust you may never sit upon the woolstack of England."

The party soon after broke up—Sir Wynston and his host, as usual, to pass some hours at piquet—and Mrs. Marston, as was her wont, to spend some time in her own boudoir, over notes and accounts, and the worrying details of housekeeping.

While thus engaged, she was disturbed by a respectful tap at her door, and an elderly servant, an Englishman, who had been for many years in the employment of Mr. Marston, presented himself.

"Well, Merton, do you want anything?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, please, I want to give warning—I wish to leave the service, ma'am," replied he, respectfully, but doggedly.

"To leave us, Merton!" echoed his mistress, both surprised and sorry, for the man had been long her servant, and had been much liked and trusted.

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated.

"And why do you wish to do so, Merton? Has anything occurred to make the place unpleasant to you?" urged the lady.

"No, ma'am—no, indeed," said he, earnestly, "I have nothing to complain of—nothing, indeed, ma'am."

"Perhaps, you think you can do better, if you leave us?" suggested his mistress.

"No, indeed, ma'am, I have no such thought," he said, and seemed on the point of bursting into tears; "but—but, somehow—ma'am, there is something come over me, lately, and I can't help, but think, if I stay here, ma'am—some—some *misfortune* will happen us all—and that is the truth, ma'am."

"This is very foolish, Merton—a mere childish fancy," replied Mrs. Marston; "you like your place, and have no better prospect before you—and now, for a mere superstitious fancy, you propose giving it up, and leaving us. No, no, Merton, you had better think the matter over—and if you still, upon reflection, prefer going away, you can then speak to your master."

"Thank you, ma'am—God bless you," said the man, withdrawing.

Mrs. Marston rang the bell for her maid, and retired to her room.

"Has anything occurred lately," she asked, "to annoy Merton?"

"No, ma'am—I don't know of anything—but, he is very changed, indeed, of late," replied the maid.

"He has not been quarrelling?" inquired she.

"Ah, no, ma'am, he never quarrels—he is very quiet, and keeps to himself always—he thinks a wonderful deal of himself," replied the servant.

"But you said that he is much changed—did you not?" continued the lady. For there was something strangely excited and unpleasant, at times, in the man's manner, which struck Mrs. Marston, and alarmed her curiosity. He had seemed like one charged with some horrible secret—intolerable, and yet which he dared not reveal.

"What," proceeded Mrs. Marston, "is the nature of the change of which you speak?"

"Why, ma'am, he is like one frightened, and in sorrow," she replied; "he will sit silent, and now and then shaking his head, as if he wanted to get rid of something that is teasing him, for an hour together."

"Poor man!" said she.

"And then, when we are at meals, he will, all on a sudden, get up, and leave the table—and Jem Carney, that sleeps in the next room to him, says, that, almost as often as he looks through the little window between the two rooms, no matter what hour in the night, he sees Mr. Merton on his knees by the bedside, praying or crying, he don't know which—but, any way, he is not happy—poor man!—and that is plain enough."

"It is very strange," said the lady, after a pause; "but, I do think, and hope, after all, it will prove to have been no more than a transient nervous depression."

"Well, ma'am, I do hope it is not his conscience that is coming against him, now," said the maid.

"We have no reason to suspect anything of the kind," said Mrs. Marston, gravely; "quite the reverse—he has been always a particularly proper man."

"Oh, indeed," responded the attendant, "goodness forbid I should say or think anything against him; but I could not help telling you my mind, ma'am, meaning no harm."

"And how long is it since you observed this sad change in poor Merton?" persisted the lady.

"Not, indeed, to say very long, ma'am," replied the girl; "somewhere about a week, or very little more—at least, as we remarked, ma'am."

Mrs. Marston pursued her inquiries no further that night. But, although she affected to treat the matter thus lightly, it had, somehow, taken a painful hold upon her imagination, and left in her mind those undefinable and ominous sensations, which, in certain mental dispositions, seem to foreshadow the approach of unknown misfortune.

For two or three days, everything went on smoothly, and pretty much as usual. At the end of this brief interval, however, the attention of Mrs. Marston was recalled to the subject of her servant's mysterious anxiety to leave, and give up

his situation. Merton again stood before her, and repeated the intimation he had already given.

"Really, Merton, this is very odd," said the lady. "You like your situation, and yet you persist in desiring to leave it. What am I to think?"

"Oh, ma'am," said he, "I am unhappy; I am tormented, ma'am. I can't tell you, ma'am—I can't, indeed, ma'am!"

"If anything weighs upon your mind, Merton, I would advise your consulting our good clergyman, Dr. Danvers," urged the lady.

The servant hung his head, and mused for a time gloomily; and then said, decisively—

"No, ma'am—no use."

"And pray, Merton, how long is it since you first entertained this desire?" asked Mrs. Marston.

"Since Sir Wynston Berkley came, ma'am," answered he.

"Has Sir Wynston annoyed you in any way?" continued she.

"Far from it, ma'am," he replied; "he is a very kind gentleman."

"Well, his *man*, then—is *he* a respectable, inoffensive person?" she inquired.

"I never met a more so," said the man, promptly, and raising his head.

"What I wish to know is, whether your desire to go is connected with Sir Wynston and his servant?" said Mrs. Marston.

The man hesitated, and shifted his position uneasily.

"You need not answer, Merton, if you don't wish it," she said, kindly.

"Why, ma'am, yes, it *has* something to say to them both," he replied, with some agitation.

"I really cannot understand this," said she.

Merton hesitated for some time, and appeared much troubled.

"It was something, ma'am—something that Sir Wynston's man said to me; and there it is out," he said at last, with an effort.

"Well, Merton," said she, "I won't press you further; but I must say, that as this communication, whatever it may be, has caused *you*, unquestionably, very great uneasiness, it seems to me but probable that it affects the safety or the interests of some person—I cannot say of whom; and, if so, there can be no doubt that it is your duty to acquaint the person or persons so involved in the disclosure, with its purport."

"Ah, ma'am, there is nothing in what I heard that could touch anybody but myself. It was nothing but what others heard, without remarking it, or thinking about it. I can't tell you any more, ma'am—but I am very unhappy, and uneasy in my mind."

As the man said this, he began to weep bitterly.

The idea that his mind was affected, now seriously occurred to Mrs. Marston, and she resolved to convey her suspicions to her husband, and to leave him to deal with the case as to him should seem good.

"Don't agitate yourself so, Merton; I shall speak to your master upon what you have said; and you may rely upon it, that no surmise to the prejudice of your character has entered my mind," said Mrs. Marston, very kindly.

"Ah, ma'am, you are too good," sobbed the poor man vehemently. "You don't know me, ma'am; I never knew myself till lately. I am a miserable man. I am frightened at myself, ma'am—frightened terribly. Christ knows, it would be well for me I was dead this minute."

"I am very sorry for your unhappiness, Merton," said Mrs. Marston; "and, especially, that I can do nothing to alleviate it; I can but speak, as I have said, to your master, and he will give you your discharge, and manage whatever else remains to be done."

"God bless you, ma'am," said the servant, still much agitated, and left her.

Mr. Marston usually passed the early part of the day in active exercise, and she, supposing that he was, in all probability, at that moment far from the house, went to "mademoiselle's" chamber, which was at the other end of the spacious house, to confer with her in the interval upon the strange application just urged by poor Merton.

Just as she reached the door of Mademoiselle de Barras' chamber, she heard voices within exerted in evident excitement. She stopped in amazement. They were those of her husband and mademoiselle. Startled, confounded, and amazed, she pushed open the door, and entered. Her husband was sitting—one hand clutched upon the arm of the chair he occupied, and the other extended, and clenched, as it seemed, with the emphasis of rage, upon the desk which stood upon the table. His face was darkened with the stormiest passions, and his gaze was fixed upon the Frenchwoman, who was standing with a look half-guilty, half-imploping, at a little distance.

There was something, to Mrs. Marston, so utterly unexpected, and even so shocking, in this *tableau*, that she stood for some seconds pale and breathless, and gazing with a vacant stare of fear and horror from her husband to the French girl, and from her to her husband again. The three figures in this strange group remained fixed, silent, and aghast, for several seconds. Mrs. Marston endeavored to speak; but, though her lips moved, no sound escaped her; and, from very weakness, she sank half-fainting into a chair.

Marston rose, throwing, as he did so, a guilty and a furious glance at the young Frenchwoman, and walked a step or two toward the door; he hesitated, however, and turned, just as mademoiselle, bursting into tears, threw her arms round Mrs. Marston's neck, and passionately exclaimed—

"Protect me, madame, I implore, from the insults and suspicions of your husband."

Marston stood a little behind his wife, and he and the governess exchanged a glance of keen significance, as the latter sank, sobbing, like an injured child into its mother's embrace, upon the poor lady's tortured bosom.

"Madame, madame—he says—Mr. Marston says, I have presumed to give you advice, and to meddle, and to interfere—that I am endeavoring to make you despise his authority. Madame, speak for me. Say, madame, have I ever done so—say, madame, am I the cause of bitterness and contumacy? Ah, mon dieu! c'est trop—it is too much, madame—I shall go—I must go, madame. Why, ah, why did I stay for this?"

As she thus spoke, mademoiselle again burst into a paroxysm of weeping, and again the same significant glance was interchanged.

"Go—yes, you shall go," said Marston, striding toward the window. "I will have no whispering or conspiring in my house; I have heard of your confidences and consultations. Mrs. Marston, I meant to have done this quietly," he continued, addressing his wife; "I meant to have given Mademoiselle de Barras my opinion and her dismissal without your assistance; but it seems you wish to interpose. You are sworn friends, and never fail one another, of course, at a pinch. I take it for granted that I owe your presence at an interview which I am resolved shall be, as respects mademoiselle, a final one, to a message from that intriguing young lady—eh?"

I have had no message, Richard," said Mrs. Marston; "I don't know—do tell me, for God's sake, what is all this about?" and as the poor lady thus spoke, her overwrought feelings found a vent in a violent flood of tears.

"Yes, madame, that is the question. I have asked him frequently what is all this anger, all these reproaches about—what have I done?" interposed mademoiselle, with indignant vehemence, standing erect, and viewing Marston with a flashing eye and a flushed cheek. "Yes, I am called conspirator, meddler, *intriguante*—ah, madame, it is intolerable!"

"But what have I done, Richard?" urged the poor lady, stunned and bewildered—"how have I offended you?"

"Yes, yes," continued the Frenchwoman, with angry volubility, "what has she done, that you call contumacy and disrespect? Yes, dear madame, *there* is the question; and if he cannot answer, is it not most cruel to call me conspirator, and spy, and *intriguante*, because I talk to my dear madame, who is my only friend in this place?"

"Mademoiselle de Barras, I need no declamation from you; and pardon me, Mrs. Marston, nor from you either," retorted he; "I have my information from one on whom I can rely—let that suffice. Of course you are both agreed in a story. I dare say you are ready to swear you never so much as canvassed my conduct, and my coldness and estrangement—eh? these are the words, are not they?"

"I have done you no wrong, sir—madame can tell you. *Je ne le jamais faite*—I am no mischief-maker; no, I never was such a thing—was I madame?" persisted the governess—"bear witness for me."

"I have told you my mind, Mademoiselle de

Barras," interrupted Marston; "I will have no altercation, if you please. I think, Mrs. Marston, we have had enough of this; may I accompany you hence?"

So saying, he took the poor lady's passive hand, and led her from the room. Mademoiselle stood in the centre of the apartment, alone, erect, with heaving breast and burning cheek—beautiful, thoughtful, guilty—the very type of the fallen angelic. We must leave her there for a time, her heart all confusion, her mind darkness; various courses before her, and as yet without resolution to choose among them—a lost spirit, borne on the eddies of the storm, fearless and self-reliant, but with no star to guide her on her dark, malign, and forlorn way.

Mrs. Marston, in her own room, reviewed the agitating scene through which she had just been so unexpectedly carried. The tremendous suspicion which, at the first disclosure of the *tableau* we have described, smote the heart and brain of the poor lady with the stun of a thunderbolt, had been, indeed, subsequently disturbed, and afterwards contradicted; but the shock of her first impression remained still upon her mind and heart. She felt still through every nerve the vibrations of that maddening terror and despair which had overcome her senses for a moment. The surprise, the shock, the horror, outlived the obliterating influence of what followed. She was in this agitation when Mademoiselle de Barras entered her chamber, resolved with all her art to second and support the success of her prompt measures in the recent critical emergency. She had come, she said, to bid her dear madame farewell, for she was resolved to go. Her own room had been invaded, that insult and reproach might be heaped upon her—how utterly unmerited, Mrs. Marston knew. She had been called by every foul name which applied to the spy and the maligner; she could not bear it. Some one had evidently been endeavoring to procure her removal, and had but too effectually succeeded. Mademoiselle was determined to go early the next morning; nothing should prevent or retard her departure; her resolution was taken. In this strain did mademoiselle run on, but in a subdued and melancholy tone, and weeping profusely.

The wild and ghastly suspicions, which had for a moment flashed terribly upon the mind of Mrs. Marston, had faded away under the influences of reason and reflection, although, indeed, much painful excitement still remained, before Mademoiselle de Barras had visited her room. Marston's temper she knew but too well; it was violent, bitter, and impetuous; and though he cared little, if at all, for her, she had ever perceived that he was angrily jealous of the slightest intimacy or confidence by which any other than himself might establish an influence over her mind. That he had learned the subject of some of her most interesting conversations with mademoiselle, she could not doubt; for he had violently upbraided that young lady in her presence with having discussed it,

and here now was mademoiselle herself taking refuge with her from galling affront and unjust reproach, incensed, wounded, and weeping. The whole thing was consistent; all the circumstances bore plainly in the same direction; the evidence was conclusive; and Mrs. Marston's thoughts and feelings respecting her fair young confidante, quickly found their old level, and flowed on tranquilly and sadly in their accustomed channel.

While Mademoiselle de Barras was thus, with the persevering industry of the spider, repairing the meshes which a chance breath had shattered, she would, perhaps, have been in her turn shocked and startled, could she have glanced into Marston's mind, and seen, in what was passing there, the real extent of her danger.

Marston was walking, as usual, alone, and in the most solitary region of his lonely park. One hand grasped his walking-stick, not to lean upon it, but as if it were the handle of a battle axe; the other was buried in his bosom; his dark face looked upon the ground, and he strode onward with a slow but energetic step, which had the air of deep resolution. He found himself at last in a little churchyard, lying far among the wild forest of his demesne, and in the midst of which, covered with ivy and tufted plants, now ruddy with autumnal tints, stood the ruined walls of a little chapel. In the dilapidated vault close by lay buried many of his ancestors, and under the little wavy hillocks of fern and nettles slept many an humble villager. He sat down upon a worn tombstone in this lowly ruin, and with his eyes fixed upon the ground, he surrendered his spirit to the stormy and evil thoughts which he had invited. Long and motionless he sat there, while his foul fancies and schemes began to assume shape and order. The wind rushing through the ivy roused him for a moment, and as he raised his gloomy eye, it alighted accidentally upon a skull, which some wanton hand had fixed in a crevice of the wall; he averted his glance quickly, but almost as quickly refixed his gaze upon the impassive symbol of death, with an expression lowering and contemptuous, and with an angry gesture struck it down among the weeds with his stick. He left the place, and wandered on through the woods.

"Men can't control the thoughts that flit across their minds," he muttered, as he went along, "any more than they can direct the shadows of the clouds that sail above them. They come and pass, and leave no stain behind. What, then, of omens, and that wretched effigy of death? Stuff—psha! Murder, indeed! I'm incapable of murder. I have drawn my sword upon a man in fair duel; but *murder*! Out upon the thought—out, out upon it."

He stamped upon the ground with a pang at once of fury and horror. He walked on a little, stopped again, and folding his arms, leaned against an ancient tree.

"Mademoiselle de Barras, vous êtes une traîtresse, and you shall go. Yes, go you shall; you have deceived me, and we must part."

He said this with melancholy bitterness; and, after a pause, continued—

"I will have no other revenge. No; though, I dare say, she will care but little for this—very little, if at all."

"And then, as to the other person," he resumed, after a pause. "It is not the first time he has acted like a trickster. He has crossed me before, and I will choose an opportunity to tell him my mind. I won't mince matters with him either, and will not spare him one insulting syllable that he deserves. He wears a sword, and so do I; if he pleases, he may draw it; he shall have the opportunity; but, at all events, I will make it impossible for him to prolong his disgraceful visit at my house."

On reaching home and his own study, the servant, Merton, presented himself, and his master, too deeply excited to hear him then, appointed the next day for the purpose. There was no contending against Marston's peremptory will, and the man reluctantly withdrew. Here was apparently a matter of no imaginable moment—whether this menial should be discharged on that day, or on the morrow; and yet mighty things were involved in the alternative.

There was a deeper gloom than usual over the house. The servants seemed to know that something had gone wrong, and looked grave and mysterious. Marston was more than ever dark and moody. Mrs. Marston's dimmed and swollen eyes showed that she had been weeping. Mademoiselle absented herself from supper, on the plea of a bad headache. Rhoda saw that something, she knew not what, had occurred to agitate her elders, and was depressed and anxious. The old clergyman, whom we have already mentioned, had called, and stayed to supper. Dr. Danvers was a man of considerable learning, strong sense, and remarkable simplicity of character. His thoughtful blue eye, and well-marked countenance, were full of gentleness and benevolence, and elevated by a certain natural dignity, of which purity and goodness, without one debasing shade of self-esteem and arrogance, were the animating spirit. Mrs. Marston loved and respected this good minister of God, and many a time had sought and found, in his gentle and earnest counsels, and in the overflowing tenderness of his sympathy, much comfort and support in the progress of her sore and protracted earthly trial. Most especially at one critical period in her history had he endeared himself to her, by interposing, and successfully, to prevent a formal separation, which (as ending forever the one hope that cheered her on, even in the front of despair) she would probably not long have survived.

With Mr. Marston, however, he was far from being a favorite. There was that in his lofty and simple purity which abashed and silently reproached the sensual, bitter, disappointed man of the world. The angry pride of the scornful man felt its own meanness in the grand presence of a simple and humble Christian minister. And the very

fact that all his habits had led him to hold such a character in contempt, made him but the more unreasonably resent the involuntary homage which its exhibition in Dr. Danvers' person invariably extorted from him. He felt in this good man's presence under a kind of irritating restraint—not, indeed, under any necessity whatever of modifying his ordinary conduct or language—but still he felt that he was in the presence of one with whom he had and could have no sympathy whatever, and yet one whom he could not help both admiring and respecting; and in these conflicting feelings were involved certain gloomy and humbling inferences about himself, which he hated, and almost feared to contemplate.

It was well, however, for the indulgence of Sir Wynston's conversational propensities, that Dr. Danvers had happened to drop in, for Marston was doggedly silent and sullen, and Mrs. Marston was herself scarcely more disposed than he to maintain her part in a conversation; so that, had it not been for the opportune arrival of the good clergyman, the supper must have been commenced with a very awkward and unsocial taciturnity.

Marston thought, and perhaps not erroneously, that Sir Wynston suspected something of the real state of affairs, and he was therefore incensed to perceive, as he thought, in his manner, very evident indications of his being in unusually good spirits. Thus disposed, the party sat down to supper.

"One of our number is missing," said Sir Wynston, affecting a slight surprise, which, perhaps, he did not feel.

"Mademoiselle de Barras—I trust she is well!" said Doctor Danvers, looking towards Marston.

"I suppose she is—I don't know," said Marston, dryly, and with some embarrassment.

"Why, how should he know?" said the baronet, gayly, but with something almost imperceptibly sarcastic in his tone. "Our friend, Marston, is privileged to be as ungallant as he pleases, except where he has the happy privilege to owe allegiance; but I, a gay young bachelor of fifty, am naturally curious. I really do trust that our charming French friend is not unwell."

He addressed his inquiry to Mrs. Marston, who, with some slight confusion, replied—

"No—nothing, at least, serious; merely a slight headache. I am sure she will be well enough to come down to breakfast."

"She is indeed a very charming and interesting young person," said Doctor Danvers. "There is a certain simplicity and good-nature about her, which argue a good and kind heart, and an open nature."

"Very true, indeed, doctor," observed Berkely, with the same faint, but, to Marston, exquisitely provoking approximation to sarcasm. "There is, as you say, a very charming simplicity. Don't you think so, Marston?"

Marston looked at him for a moment, but continued silent.

"Poor mademoiselle!—she is indeed a most

affectionate creature," said Mrs. Marston, who felt called upon to say something.

"Come, Marston, will you contribute nothing to the general approbation?" said Sir Wynston, who was gifted by nature with an amiable talent for teasing, which he was fond of exercising in a quiet way. "We have all, but you, said something handsome of our absent young friend."

"I never praise anybody, Wynston—not even you," said Marston, with an obvious sneer.

"Well, well, I must comfort myself with the belief that your silence covers a great deal of good-will, and, perhaps, a little admiration, too," answered his cousin, significantly.

"Comfort yourself in any *honest* way you will, my dear Sir Wynston," retorted Marston, with a degree of asperity, which, to all but the baronet himself, was unaccountable. "You may be right—you may be wrong; on a subject so unimportant, it matters very little which; you are at perfect liberty to practise delusions, if you will, upon *yourself*."

"By-the-bye, Mr. Marston, is not your son about to come to this country?" asked Doctor Danvers, who perceived that the altercation was becoming, on Marston's part, somewhat testy, if not positively rude.

"Yes; I expect him in a few days," replied he, with a sudden gloom.

"You have not seen him, Sir Wynston?" asked the clergyman.

"I have that pleasure yet to come;" said the baronet.

"A pleasure it is, I do assure you," said Doctor Danvers, heartily. "He is a handsome lad, with the heart of a hero; a fine, frank, generous lad, and as merry as a lark."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Marston; "he is well enough, and has done pretty well at Cambridge. Doctor Danvers, take some wine."

It was strange, but yet mournfully true, that the praises which the good Doctor Danvers thus bestowed upon his son, were bitter to the soul of the unhappy Marston; they jarred upon his ear, and stung his heart, for his conscience converted them into so many latent insults and humiliations to himself.

"Your wine is very good, Marston. I think your clarets here are many degrees better than we can get in England," said Sir Wynston, sipping a glass of his favorite wine. "You Irish gentlemen are sad, selfish dogs; and, with all your grumbling, manage to collect the best of whatever is worth having about you."

"We sometimes succeed in collecting a pleasant party," retorted Marston, with ironical courtesy, "though we do not always command the means of entertaining them quite as we would wish."

It was the habit of Doctor Danvers, without respect of persons or places, to propose, before taking his departure from whatever domestic party he chanced to be thrown among for the evening, to read some verses from that holy book, on which his own hopes and peace were founded, and to

offer up a prayer for all to the throne of grace. Marston, although he usually absented himself from such exercises, did not otherwise discourage them; but, upon the present occasion, starting from a gloomy reverie, he himself was first to remind the clergyman of his customary observance. Evil thoughts loomed upon the mind of Marston, like measureless black mists upon a cold, smooth sea. They rested, grew, and darkened there; and no heaven-sent breath came silently to steal them away. Under this dread shadow, his mind lay waiting, like the DEEP, before the Spirit of God moved upon its waters—passive and awful. Why, for the first time, now did religion interest him? The unseen, intangible, was even now at work within him. A dreadful power shook his very heart and soul. There was some strange, ghastly wrestling going on in his own immortal spirit—a struggle which made him faint—which he had no power to determine. He looked upon the holy influence of the good man's prayer—a prayer in which he could not join—with a dull, superstitious hope that the words, inviting better influence, though uttered by another, and with other objects, would, like a spell, chase away the foul fiend that was busy with his thoughts. Marston sat, looking into the fire, with a countenance of stern gloom, upon which the wayward lights of the flickering hearth sported fitfully; while, at a distant table, Doctor Danvers sat down, and taking his well-worn Bible from his pocket, turned over its leaves, and began, in gentle but impressive tones, to read.

Sir Wynston was much too well-bred, to evince the slightest disposition to aught but the most proper and profound attention. The faintest imaginative gleam of ridicule might, perhaps, have been discerned in his features, as he leaned back in his chair, and, closing his eyes, composed himself to at least an attitude of attention. No man could submit with more patience to an inevitable bore.

In these things, then, thou hast no concern—the judgment troubles thee not—thou hast no fear of death, Sir Wynston Berkley; yet there is a heart beating near thee, the mysteries of which, could they glide out, and stand before thy face, would, perchance, appal thee—cold, easy man of the world! Ay, couldst thou but see, with those cunning eyes of thine, but twelve brief hours into futurity, each syllable that falls from that good man's lips unheeded, would peal through thy heart and brain like maddening thunder. Hark—en, harken, Sir Wynston Berkley, perchance these are the farewell words of thy better angel—the last pleadings of despised mercy.

The party broke up. Dr. Danvers took his leave, and rode homeward, down the broad avenue, between the gigantic ranks of elms that closed it in. The full moon was rising above the distant hills—the mists lay like sleeping lakes in the laps of the hollows—and the broad demesne looked tranquil and sad under this chastened and silvery glory. The good old clergyman thought, as he

pursued his way, that here at least, in a spot so beautiful and sequestered, the stormy passions and fell contentions of the outer world could scarcely penetrate. Yet, in that calm, secluded spot, and under the cold, pure light which fell so holily, what a hell was weltering and glowing! what a spectacle was that moon to go down upon!

As Sir Wynston was leaving the parlor for his own room, Marston accompanied him to the hall, and said,

"I shan't play to-night, Sir Wynston."

"Ah, ha!—very particularly engaged?" suggested the baronet, with a faint, mocking smile; "well, my dear fellow, we must endeavor to make up for it to-morrow—eh?"

"I don't know *that*," said Marston, "and— In a word, there is no use, sir, in our masquerading with one another—each knows the other—each *understands* the other—I wish to have a word or two with you in your room to-night, where we shan't be interrupted."

Marston spoke in a fierce and grating whisper, and his countenance, more even than his accents, betrayed the intensity of his bridled fury. Sir Wynston, however, smiled upon his cousin, as if his voice had been melody, and his looks all sunshine.

"Very good, Marston, just as you please," he said, "only don't be later than one, as I shall be getting into bed about that hour."

"Perhaps, upon second thoughts, it is as well to defer what I have to say," said Marston, musingly. "To-morrow will do as well; so, *perhaps*, Sir Wynston, I may not trouble you to-night."

"Just as suits you best, my dear Marston," replied the baronet, with a tranquil smile; "only don't come after the hour I have stipulated."

So saying, the baronet mounted the stairs, and made his way to his chamber. He was in excellent spirits, and in high good humor with himself; the object of his visit to Dunoran had been, as he now flattered himself, attained. He had conducted an affair requiring the profoundest mystery in its prosecution, and the wisest tactic in its management, almost to a triumphant issue—he had perfectly masked his design, and completely outwitted Marston; and to a person who piqued himself upon his clever diplomacy, and vaunted that he had never yet sustained a defeat in any object which he had seriously proposed to himself, such a combination of successes was for the moment quite intoxicating.

Sir Wynston not only enjoyed his own superiority with all the vanity of a selfish nature, but he no less enjoyed with a keen and malicious relish the intense mortification which, he was well assured, Marston must experience, and all the more acutely, because of the utter impossibility, circumstanced as he was, of his taking any steps to manifest his vexation, without compromising himself in a most unpleasant way.

Animated by those amiable feelings, Sir Wynston Berkley sat down, and wrote the following

short letter, addressed to Mrs. Gray, Wynston Hall :

MRS. GRAY,—On receipt of this, have the sitting-rooms, and several bedrooms put in order, and thoroughly aired. Prepare for my use the suite of three rooms over the library and drawing-room ; and have the two great wardrobes, and the cabinet in the *state* bedroom, removed into the large dressing-room which opens upon the bedroom I have named. Make everything as comfortable as possible. If anything is wanted in the way of furniture, drapery, ornament, &c., you need only write to John Skelton, Esq., Spring-Garden, London, stating what is required, and he will order and send them down. You must be expeditious, as I shall probably go down to Wynston, with two or three friends, at the beginning of next month.

WYNSTON BERKLEY.

P. S.—I have written to direct Arkins and two or three of the other servants to go down at once. Set them all to work immediately.

He then applied himself to another letter of considerably greater length, and from which, therefore, we shall only offer a few extracts. It was addressed to John Skelton, Esq., and began as follows :—

MY DEAR SKELTON—You are, doubtless, surprised at my long silence, but I have had nothing very particular to say—my visit to this dull and uncomfortable place was (as you rightly surmise) not without its object—a little bit of wicked romance ; the pretty demoiselle of Rouen, whom I mentioned to you more than once—*la belle de Barras*—was, in truth, the attraction that drew me hither ; and, I *think* (for, as yet, she affects hesitation) I shall have no further trouble with her. She is a fine creature, and you will admit, when you have seen her, well worth taking some trouble about. She is, however, a very knowing little minx, and evidently suspects me of being a sad, fickle dog—and, as I surmise, has some plans, moreover, respecting my morose cousin, Marston—a kind of wicked Penruddock—who has carried all his London tastes into his Irish retreat, a paradise of bogs and bushes. There is, I am very confident, a *liason* in that quarter. The young lady is evidently a good deal afraid of him, and insists upon such precautions in our interviews, that they have been very few, and far between, indeed. To-day, there has been a *fracas* of some kind. I have no doubt that Marston, poor devil, is jealous. His situation is, really, pitifully comic—with an intriguing mistress, a saintly wife, and a devil of a jealous temper of his own. I shall meet Mary on reaching town. Has Clavering (shabby dog!) paid his L. O. U. yet? Tell the little opera woman she had better be quiet. She ought to know me by this time—I shall do what is right—but won't submit to be bullied. If she is troublesome, snap your fingers at her, on my behalf, and leave her to her remedy. I have written to Gray, to get things at Wynston in order. She will draw upon you for what money she requires. Send down two or three of the servants, if they have not already gone. The place is very dusty and dingy, and needs a great deal of brushing and scouring. I shall see you in town very soon—by the way, their elaret here is particularly good—so I ordered a prodigious supply from a Dublin house ; it is consigned to you, and goes by the “Lizard ;” pay the freightage, and get Edwards to pack it ; ten dozen or so

may as well go down to Wynston, and send other wines in proportion. I leave details to you. * *

Some further directions upon other subjects followed ; and having subscribed the despatch, and addressed it to the gentlemanlike scoundrel who filled the onerous office of factotum to this profligate and exacting man of the world, Sir Wynston Berkley rang his bell, and gave the two letters into the hand of his man, with special directions to carry them *himself* in person, to the post-office in the neighboring village, early next morning. These little matters completed, Sir Wynston stirred his fire, leaned back in his easy chair, and smiled blandly over the sunny prospect of his imaginary triumphs.

It here becomes necessary to describe, in a few words, some of the local relations of Sir Wynston's apartments. The bedchamber which he occupied opened from the long passage of which we have already spoken—and there were two other smaller apartments opening from it in train. In the further of these, which was entered from a lobby, communicating by a back stairs with the kitchen and servants' apartments, lay Sir Wynston's valet—and the intermediate chamber was fitted up as a dressing-room for the baronet himself. These circumstances it is necessary to mention, that what follows may be clearly intelligible.

While the baronet was penning these records of vicious schemes—dire waste of wealth and time—irrevocable time!—Marston paced his study in a very different frame of mind. There was gloom and disorder in the room accordant with those of his own mind. Shelves of ancient tomes, darkened by time, and upon which the dust of years lay sleeping—dark oaken cabinets, filled with piles of deeds and papers, among which the nimble spiders were crawling—and, from the dusky walls, several stark, pale ancestors, looking down fearfully from their tarnished frames. An hour, and another hour passed—and still Marston paced this melancholy chamber, a prey to his own fell passions and dark thoughts. He was not a superstitious man, but, in the visions which haunted him, perhaps, was something which made him unusually excitable—for he experienced a chill of absolute horror, as, standing at the further end of the room, with his face turned towards the entrance, he beheld the door noiselessly and slowly pushed open, by a pale, thin hand, and a figure, dressed in a loose white robe, glide softly in. He stood for some seconds gazing upon this apparition, as it moved hesitatingly towards him from the dusky extremity of the large apartment, before he perceived that the form was that of Mrs. Marston.

“Hey, ha!—Mrs. Marston—what on earth has called you hither?” he asked sternly. “You ought to have been at rest an hour ago—get to your chamber, and leave me—I have business to attend to.”

“Now, dear Richard, you must forgive me,” she said, drawing near, and looking up into his haggard face with a sweet and touching look of timidity and love, “I could not rest until I saw

you again—your looks have been all this night so unlike yourself—so strange and terrible—that I am afraid some great misfortune threatens you, which you fear to tell me of.”

“My looks! why, curse it, must I give an account of my looks!” replied Marston, at once disconcerted and wrathful. “Misfortune! what misfortune can befall us more? No, there is nothing—nothing, I say, but your own foolish fancy—go to your room—go to sleep—my looks, indeed; psha!”

“I came to tell you, Richard, dear, that I will do, in all respects, just as you desire. If you continue to wish it, I will part with poor mademoiselle; though, indeed, Richard, I shall miss her more than you can imagine; and all your suspicions have wronged her deeply,” said Mrs. Marston.

Her husband darted a sudden flashing glance of suspicious scrutiny upon her face; but its expression was frank, earnest, and noble. He was disarmed—he hung his head gloomily upon his breast, and was silent for a time. She came nearer, and laid her hand upon his arm. He looked darkly into her upturned eyes, and a feeling which had not touched his heart for many a day—an emotion of pity—transient, indeed, but vivid—revisited him. He took her hand in his, and said, in gentler terms than she had heard him use for a long time—

“No, indeed, Gertrude, you have deceived yourself; no misfortune has happened, and if I am gloomy, the source of all my troubles is *within*. Leave me, Gertrude, for the present. As to the other matter—the departure of Mademoiselle de Barras—we can talk of that to-morrow—*now* I cannot; so let us part. Go to your room—good night.”

She was withdrawing, and he added, in a subdued tone—

“Gertrude, I am very glad you came—*very* glad. Pray for me to-night.”

He had followed her a few steps towards the door, and now stopped short—turned about, and walked dejectedly back again.

“I am right glad she came,” he muttered, as soon as he was once more alone. “Wynston is provoking and fiery, too. Were I, in my present mood, to seek a *tête-à-tête* with him, who knows what might come of it! Blood; my own heart whispers—*blood!* I’ll not trust myself.”

He strode to the study door, locked it, and taking out the key, shut it in the drawer of one of the cabinets.

“Now it will need more than accident or impulse to lead me to him. I cannot go, at least, without reflection—without premeditation. Avaunt, fiend! I have baffled you.”

He stood in the centre of the room, crouching and scowling as he said this, and looked round with a glance half-defiant, half-fearful, as if he expected to see some dreadful form in the dusky recesses of the desolate chamber. He sat himself by the smouldering fire, in sombre and agitated ruminations. He was restless—he rose again,

unbuckled his sword, which he had not loosed since evening, and threw it hastily into a corner. He looked at his watch, it was half-past twelve—he glanced at the door, and thence at the cabinet in which he had placed the key; then he turned hastily, and sat down again. He leaned his elbows on his knees; and his chin upon his clenched hand; still he was restless and excited. Once more he arose, and paced up and down. He consulted his watch again; it was now but a quarter to one.

Sir Wynston’s man having received the letters, and his master’s permission to retire to rest, got into his bed, and was soon beginning to dose. We have already mentioned that his and Sir Wynston’s apartments were separated by a small dressing-room, so that any ordinary noise or conversation could be heard but imperfectly from one to the other. The servant, however, was startled by a sound of something falling on the floor of his master’s apartment, and broken to pieces by the violence of the shock. He sat up in his bed, listened, and heard some sentences spoken vehemently, and gabbled very fast. He thought he distinguished the words “wretch” and “God;” and there was something so strange in the tone in which they were spoken, that the man got up and stole noiselessly through the dressing-room, and listened at the door.

He heard him, as he thought, walking in his slippers through the room, and making his customary arrangements previously to getting into bed. He knew that his master had a habit of speaking when alone, and concluded that the accidental breakage of some glass or chimney-ornament had elicited the volley of words he had heard. Well knowing that, except at the usual hours, or in obedience to Sir Wynston’s bell, nothing more displeased his master than his presuming to enter his sleeping-apartment while he was there, the servant quietly retreated, and, perfectly satisfied that all was right, composed himself to slumber, and was soon beginning to dose again.

The fretting adventures of the night, however, were not yet over. Waking, as men sometimes do, without any ascertainable cause—without a start or an uneasy sensation—without even a disturbance of the attitude of repose, he opened his eyes and beheld Merton, the servant of whom we have spoken, standing at a little distance from his bed. The moonlight fell in a clear flood upon this figure: the man was ghastly pale; there was a blotch of blood on his face; his hands were clasped upon something which they nearly concealed; and his eyes, fixed on the servant who had just awakened, shone in the cold light, with a wild and death-like glitter. This spectre drew close to the side of the bed, and stood for a few moments there with a look of agony and menace, which startled the newly-awakened man, who rose up aright, and said—

“Mr. Merton, Mr. Merton—in God’s name, what is the matter?”

Merton recoiled at the sound of the voice ; and, as he did so, dropped something on the floor, which rolled away to a distance ; and he stood gazing silently and horribly upon his interrogator.

"Mr. Merton, I say, what is it?" urged the man. "Are you hurt?—your face is bloody."

Merton raised his hand to his face mechanically, and Sir Wynston's man observed that it, too, was covered with blood.

"Why, man," he said, vehemently, and actually freezing with horror, "you are *all* bloody—hands and face ; all over blood."

"My hand is cut to the bone," said Merton, in a harsh whisper ; and speaking to himself, rather than addressing the servant—"I wish it was my neck—I wish to God I bled to death."

"You have hurt your hand, Mr. Merton," repeated the man, scarce knowing what he said.

"Ay," whispered Merton, wildly drawing toward the bedside again ; "who told you I hurt my hand? It is cut to the bone, sure enough."

He stooped for a moment over the bed, and then cowered down toward the floor, to search for what he had dropped.

"Why, Mr. Merton, what brings you here at this hour?" urged the man, after a pause of a few seconds. "It is drawing toward morning."

"Ay, ay," said Merton, doubtfully, and starting upright again, while he concealed in his bosom what he had been in search of. "Near morning, is it? Night and morning, it is all one to me. I believe I am going mad, by —"

"But, what do you want?—what did you come here for at this hour?" persisted the man.

"What? ay, *that* is it—why, his boots and spurs, to be sure. I forgot them. His—his—Sir Wynston's boots and spurs—I forgot to take them, I say," said Merton, looking toward the dressing-room, as if about to enter it.

"Don't mind them to-night, I say ; don't go in there," said the man, peremptorily, and getting out upon the floor. "I say, Mr. Merton, this is no hour to be going about, searching in the dark for boots and spurs. You'll waken the master. I can't have it, I say ; go down, and let it be for to-night."

Thus speaking, in a resolute and somewhat angry under-key, the valet stood between Merton and the entrance of the dressing-room ; and, signing with his hand towards the other door of the apartment, continued—

"Go down, I say, Mr. Merton—go down ; you may as well quietly, for, I tell you plainly, you shall neither go a step further, nor stay here a moment longer."

The man drew his shoulders up, and made a sort of shivering moan, and claspings his hands together, shook them, as it seemed, in great agony. He then turned abruptly, and hurried from the room by the door leading to the kitchen.

"By my faith," said the servant, "I am glad he is gone. The poor chap is turning crazy, as sure as I am a living man. I'll not have him

prowling about here any more, however—that I am resolved on."

In pursuance of this determination, by no means an imprudent one as it seemed, he fastened the door communicating with the lower apartments upon the inside. He had hardly done this, when he heard a step traversing the stable-yard, which lay under the window of his apartment. He looked out, and saw Merton walking hurriedly across, and into a stable at the further end.

Feeling no very particular curiosity about his movements, the man hurried back to his bed. Merton's eccentric conduct of late had become so generally remarked and discussed among the servants, that Sir Wynston's man was by no means surprised at the oddity of the visit he had just had ; nor, after the first few moments of suspense, before the appearance of blood had been accounted for, had he entertained any suspicions whatever connected with the man's unexpected presence in the room. Merton was in the habit of coming up every night to take Sir Wynston's boots, whenever the baronet had ridden in the course of the day ; and this attention had been civilly undertaken as a proof of good-will toward the valet, whose duty this somewhat soiling and ungentlemanlike process would otherwise have been. So far, the nature of the visit was explained ; and the remembrance of the friendly feeling and good offices which had been mutually interchanged, as well as of the inoffensive habits for which Merton had earned a character for himself, speedily calmed the uneasiness, for a moment amounting to actual alarm, with which the servant had regarded his appearance.

We must now pass on to the morrow, and ask the reader's attention for a few moments to a different scene.

In contact with Dunoran, upon the northern side, and divided by a common boundary, lay a demesne, in many respects presenting a very striking contrast to its grander neighbor. It was a comparatively modern place. It could not boast the towering timber which enriched and overshadowed the vast and varied expanse of its aristocratic rival ; but, if it was inferior in the advantages of antiquity, and, perhaps, also in some of those of nature, its superiority in other respects was striking and important. Dunoran was not more remarkable for its wild and neglected condition, than was Newton Park for the care and elegance with which it was kept. No one could observe the contrast, without, at the same time, divining its cause. The proprietor of the one was a man of wealth, fully commensurate with the extent and pretensions of the residence he had chosen—the owner of the other was a man of broken fortunes.

Under a green shade, which nearly met above them, a very young man, scarcely one-and-twenty, of a frank and sensible, rather than a strictly handsome countenance, was walking, side by side, with a light-haired, laughing, graceful girl, of some sixteen years. This girl, without being classically

beautiful, had such an elegance and perfect symmetry of form, and such an unutterable prettiness of feature that it would have been difficult to conceive a being more attractive. These two friends (for they were, in truth, no more) were taking a morning ramble together; and the gay laugh of the girl, and the more sober tones of her companion, sounded pleasantly among the arches of the greenwood. The young man was George Mervyn, the only son of the present proprietor of the place; and the girl was his orphan niece, Emily Howard. The mutual feelings of the two cousins were, as we have said, those of mere friendship, untinctured by the faintest admixture of any more romantic ingredient; and, indeed, a close observer might easily have detected this in the perfectly disengaged and honestly familiar way in which each accosted the other. As they walked on, chatting, to the great gate, which was to be the boundary of their ramble, the clank of a horse's hoofs in quick motion upon the sequestered road which ran outside it, reached them; and hardly had they heard these sounds, when a young gentleman rode briskly by, directing his look into the demesne as he passed. He had no sooner seen them, than, wheeling his horse about, he rode up to the iron gate, and dismounting, threw it open, and let his horse in.

"Ha! Charles Marston, I protest!" said the young man, quickening his pace to meet his friend. "Marston, my dear fellow," he called aloud, "how glad I am to see you!"

Miss Howard, on the contrary, walked rather slower than before, and blushed deeply; but as the handsome young man, with an air in which delight, tenderness, and admiration were undisguisedly mingled, saluted her after his long absence, through her smiles and blushes, there was in her pretty face a look of such blended gratification and modesty, as made her quite beautiful.

There was another entrance into Newton Park, opening also from the same road, about half a mile further on; and Charles Marston, but too intent on prolonging the happiness of this chance meeting, made his way to lie through this. Thus the young people walked on, talking of a hundred things as they proceeded, in the fulness and joy of their hearts.

Between the fathers of the two young men, who thus walked so affectionately together, there subsisted, unhappily, no friendly feelings. There had been several slight disagreements between them, touching their proprietary rights, and one of these had ripened into a formal and somewhat expensive litigation respecting a certain right of fishing claimed by each. This legal encounter had terminated in the defeat of Marston. Mervyn, however, promptly wrote to his opponent, offering him the free use of the waters for which they had thus sharply contested, and received a curt and scarcely civil reply, declining the proposed courtesy. This exhibition of resentment on Marston's part, had been followed by some rather angry collisions, where chance or duty happened to throw them together. It is but justice to say that, upon all such occasions,

Marston was the aggressor. But Marston was a somewhat testy old gentleman, and had a certain pride of his own, which was not to be trifled with. Thus, though near neighbors, the parents of the young friends were more than strangers to each other. On Mervyn's side, however, the estrangement was unalloyed with bitterness, and simply of that kind which the great moralist would have referred to "defensive pride." It did not include any member of Marston's family, and Charles, as often as he desired it, which was, in truth, as often as his visits could escape the special notice of his father, was a welcome guest at Newton Park.

These details, respecting the mutual relation in which the two families stood, it was necessary to state, for the purpose of making what follows perfectly clear. The young people had now reached the further gate, at which they were to part. Charles Marston, with a heart beating happily in the anticipation of many a pleasant meeting, bid them farewell for the present, and in a few minutes more was riding up the broad, straight avenue, towards the gloomy mansion which closed in the hazy and sombre perspective. As he moved onward, he passed a laborer, with whose face from his childhood he had been familiar.

"How do you do, Mick?" he cried.

"At your service, sir," replied the man, uncovering, "and welcome home, sir."

There was something dark and anxious in the man's looks, which ill accorded with the welcome he spoke, and which suggested some undefined alarm.

"The master, and mistress, and Miss Rhoda—are all well?" he asked, eagerly.

"All well, sir, thank God," replied the man.

Young Marston spurred on, filled with vague apprehensions, and observing the man still leaning upon his spade, and watching his progress with the same gloomy and curious eye.

At the hall-door he met with one of the servants, booted and spurred.

"Well, Daly," he said, as he dismounted, "how are all at home?"

This man, like the former, met his smile with a troubled countenance, and stammered—

"All, sir—that is, the master, and mistress, and Miss Rhoda—quite well, sir; but ——"

"Well, well," said Charles, earnestly, "speak on—what is it?"

"Bad work, sir," replied the man, lowering his voice. "I am going off this minute for ——"

"For what?" urged the young gentleman.

"Why, sir, for the coroner," replied he.

"The coroner—the coroner! Why, good God, what has happened?" cried Charles, aghast with horror.

"Sir Wynston," commenced the man, and hesitated.

"Well?" pursued Charles, pale and breathless.

"Sir Wynston—he—it is he," said the man.

"He? Sir Wynston? Is he dead, or who is it—who is dead?" demanded the young man, fearfully.

"Sir Wynston, sir—it is he that is dead. There is bad work, sir—very bad, I'm afraid," replied the man.

Charles did not wait to inquire further, but with a feeling of mingled horror and curiosity, entered the house.

He hurried up stairs, and entered his mother's sitting-room. She was there, perfectly alone, and so deadly pale, that she scarcely looked like a human being. In an instant they were locked in one another's arms.

"Mother—my dear mother, you are ill," said the young man anxiously.

"Oh, no, no, Charles, dear, but frightened—horried;" and as she said this, the poor lady burst into tears.

"What is all this horrible affair!—something about Sir Wynston. He is dead, I know, but is it—is it suicide?" he asked.

"Oh, no, *not* suicide," said Mrs. Marston, greatly agitated.

"Good God!—then he is murdered," whispered the young man, growing very pale.

"Yes, Charles—horrible—dreadful! I can scarcely believe it," replied she, shuddering while she wept.

"Where is my father?" inquired the young man, after a pause.

"Why, why, Charles, darling—why do you ask for him?" she said, wildly, grasping him by the arm, as she looked into his face with a terrified expression.

"Why—why, *he* could tell me the particulars of this horrid tragedy," answered he, meeting her agonized look with one of alarm and surprise, "as far as they have been as yet collected. How is he, mother—is he well?"

"Oh, yes, quite well, thank God," she answered, more collectedly—"quite well, but, of course, greatly, dreadfully shocked."

"I will go to him, mother—I will see him," said he, turning towards the door.

"He has been wretchedly depressed and excited for some days," said Mrs. Marston, dejectedly, "and this dreadful occurrence will, I fear, affect him most deplorably."

The young man kissed her tenderly and affectionately, and hurried down to the library, where his father usually sat when he desired to be alone, or was engaged in business. He opened the door softly. His father was standing at one of the windows, his face haggard as from a night's watching, unkempt and unshorn, and with his hands thrust into his pockets. At the sound of the revolving door, he started, and seeing his son, first recoiled a little, with a strange, doubtful expression, and then rallying, walked quickly towards him with a smile, which had in it something still more painful.

"Charles, I am glad to see you," he said, shaking him with an agitated pressure by both hands—"Charles, this is a great calamity, and what makes it still worse, is, that the murderer has escaped; it looks badly, you know."

He fixed his gaze for a few moments upon his son, turned abruptly, and walked a little way into the room—then, in a disconcerted manner, he added, hastily turning back—

"Not, that it signifies to *us*, of course—but I would fain have justice satisfied."

"And who is the wretch—the murderer?" inquired Charles.

"Who? Why, every one knows!—that scoundrel, Merton," answered Marston, in an irritated tone—"Merton murdered him in his bed, and fled last night; he is gone—escaped—and I suspect Sir Wynston's man of being an accessory."

"Which was Sir Wynston's bed-room?" asked the young man.

"The room that old Lady—— had—the room with the portrait of Grace Hamilton in it."

"I know—I know," said the young man, much excited—"I should wish to see it."

"Stay," said Marston; "the door from the passage is bolted on the inside, and I have locked the other—here is the key, if you choose to go—but you must bring Hughes with you, and do not disturb anything—leave all as it is—the jury ought to see, and examine for themselves."

Charles took the key, and accompanied by the awe-struck servant, he made his way by the back stairs to the door opening from the dressing-room, which, as we have said, intervened between the valet's chamber and Sir Wynston's. After a momentary hesitation, Charles turned the key in the door, and stood

"In the dark chamber of white death."

The shutters lay partly open, as the valet had left them some hours before, on making the astounding discovery, which the partially-admitted light revealed. The corpse lay in the silk-embroidered dressing-gown, and other habiliments, which Sir Wynston had worn, while taking his ease in the chamber, on the preceding night. The coverlet was partially dragged over it. The mouth was gaping, and filled with clotted blood; a wide gash was also visible in the neck, under the ear—and there was a thickening pool of blood at the bedside, and quantities of blood, doubtless from other wounds, had saturated the bedclothes under the body. There lay Sir Wynston, stiffened in the attitude in which the struggle of death had left him, with his stern, stony face, and dim, terrible gaze turned up.

Charles looked breathlessly for more than a minute upon this mute and unchanging spectacle, and then silently suffered the curtain to fall back again—and stepped, with the light tread of awe, again to the door. There he turned back, and pausing for a minute, said, in a whisper to the attendant—

"And Merton did this?"

"Troth, I'm afraid he did, sir," answered the man, gloomily.

"And has made his escape?" continued Charles.

"Yes, sir; he stole away in the night-time," replied the servant, "after the murder was done."

(and he glanced fearfully towards the bed)—
"God knows where he's gone."

"The villain!" muttered Charles; "but what was his motive? why did he do all this—what does it mean?"

"I don't know exactly, sir, but he was very queer for a week and more before it," replied the man; "there was something bad over him for a long time."

"It is a terrible thing," said Charles, with a profound sigh—"a terrible and shocking occurrence."

He hesitated again at the door, but his feelings had sustained a terrible revulsion at sight of the corpse, and he was no longer disposed to prosecute his purposed examination of the chamber and its contents, with a view to conjecturing the probable circumstances of the murder.

"Observe, Hughes, that I have moved nothing

in the chamber from the place it occupied when we entered," he said to the servant as they withdrew.

He locked the door, and as he passed through the hall, on his return, he encountered his father, and restoring the key, said—

"I could not stay there—I am almost sorry I have seen it—I am overpowered. What a determined, ferocious murder it was—the place is all in a pool of gore—he must have received many wounds."

"I can't say—the particulars will be elicited soon enough—those details are for the inquest—as for me, I hate such spectacles," said Marston, gloomily; "go, now, and see your sister; you will find her there."

He pointed to the small room where we have first seen her and her fair governess, and Charles obeyed the direction, and Marston proceeded himself to his wife's sitting-room.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 29th May, 1848.

A PROPER response has been made, by the national assembly, to the address of the Congress of the United States. It is in the form of a short decree, which offers the thanks of the French Republic to the American people, and the expression of its fraternal friendship. A terse preface was pronounced by the reporter; the minister of foreign affairs, Citizen Bastide, added some acknowledgments, and referred to the enthusiasm of a Baltimore meeting of thirty thousand. The *Courrier Français*—of which the chief editor is a member of the assembly—observes, that the decree was adopted "without opposition, as without enthusiasm." This is true; not that good-will towards the United States is wanting, but that there is a general distrust of the practicability, in France, of any republican system. Major Pousin has inserted in the *Siècle* of the 26th inst, an ingenious essay on the democratic principles which may be embodied in the French constitution. He follows the American model in most of the details. He would be content with a president for three years, chosen directly, by universal suffrage, and with the same powers as those of the American. Elections at so short an interval, by nine millions of voters for a president of a nation, like the French, of thirty-five millions of people, would be a hazardous experiment.

The minister of justice has submitted a bill to revive legal *divorce*, abolished in 1816, in compliance with the doctrines of the Catholic church, which had been proclaimed the religion of the state. In the last week of February, we read *placards*, calling, in the name of the sex, for a law of divorce. Whether it would promote morality, I should not undertake to decide. The number of marriages has been exceedingly small since the revolution of February. The minister is harshly censured in the legitimist journals, while the oracle called the "Voice of the Women" commends his gallantry and equity. He has of-

fered a less questionable bill for the reorganization of the jury—considerably and judiciously enlarging its bases. The right is provided for all French citizens to be inscribed on the jury list, except the wholly illiterate, and domestics and servants receiving wages. This exception is reprehended by the extreme radical writers, as repugnant to the spirit of democracy. A ministerial bill for postal reform is also introduced—uniform charge four sous, weight of single letter ten grams.

No subject before the assembly has excited livelier interest there and in the journals, than the decree banishing the Orleans family *forever*. The perpetuity is a matter of jest, on a retrospect of the vicissitudes of the French government. Most of the ex-deputies of the old opposition, and several of the old conservatives, abstained from the ballot-urn. They had been accused of a design to reinstate some member of the Orleans family: hence, probably, their inaction. If the assembly had rejected the measure, the anarchists would have cried treason. The *National* explains the case thus: "There are people who keep an entrepot of intrigues and hopes for all monarchical emigrations and all fallen royalties. Such a branch of industry must not be favored. This decree is simply a measure of police. Persons are not proscribed, but the causes of conflict are." The *Journal des Débats* says: "We saw with equal surprise and sorrow, among the ayes, men who had been ministers of Louis Philippe, and even some of those who manifested the most eagerness to sit in his council." Alexander Dumas, the novelist, has printed an eloquent series of strictures on the decree; reminding the country, at the same time, of the adulation so generally and recently paid to the old monarch, and of the military services and final patriotic conduct of his sons. The Prince de Joinville has to undergo acrimonious ridicule for his affectation, in his letters, of poverty, and his pretended plan of settling in the far American West, in order to create an inheritance for his children. He is asked whether he has for-

gotten his connection with the throne of Brazil, and his vast domain in that empire, to which it is thought that he would naturally repair to be relieved of all economical solicitudes.

A portion of the assembly have associated themselves in two clubs specially democratic, and for the special support of the executive commission. All operation and purpose of this kind, and in this mode, may be condemned as of bad example and tendency. To regulate, overawe, counteract the assembly—to warp the body to partial or personal aims—is precisely the object of the common clubs, two of which the commission have just suppressed. We can distinguish no definite limitation or sphere of legislative and executive agency. The assembly undertake every administrative concern; the commission, or their ministers, create and abolish offices; levy taxes; organize and disorganize; establish or reduce salaries; in short, do whatever seems to answer the exigencies of the day. The confusion of ideas, authority and proceedings will continue—at least until a new constitution shall have been framed and the machinery set at work. The *Journal des Débats*, of this morning, states that the matured scheme of constitution is not likely to be submitted to the assembly before the end of next month, June; and that the committee have agreed upon a single executive, a responsible president, and one legislative body alone, by popular election every three or four years. It took eighteen months to digest the French constitution of 1791. But I have just read a note dated yesterday, from a distinguished member of the committee, to our consul, part of which I have obtained permission to copy: "I have perused with due attention your excellent articles on the American System; they are often mentioned in the committee. They suggest much which I am glad to repeat. We are hard at work, six or seven hours a day, and we hope, in a fortnight, to draw near the conclusion of this arduous task. We are not, as you may suppose, planning the best constitution possible, but the one which will suit the times and France. The committee is composed of very remarkable men, and, with one or two exceptions, we are all of one mind."

Nearly thirty thousand national guards came to this capital in forty-eight hours after the diffusion of the fact that, on the 15th, the assembly was invaded by the mob. In many of the provinces, a portion of the guards are inscribed and organized, of their own accord, and separately, for the purpose of marching hither whenever required. Every arrangement which may assure and encourage the assembly becomes more and more desirable. An awful light of danger and perplexity has at once broken upon the authorities and all the respectable classes, from the composition and manifestations of the hordes congregated and marshalled in the national *ateliers*. A member of the assembly, M. Leon Faucher—in high estimation as a writer on political and administrative economy—argued, the day before yesterday, his motion for the appropriation of ten millions of francs, to the

object of employing the men elsewhere. "The finances of the state," he said, "are about to be exhausted by the national *ateliers*. A hundred and twenty thousand workmen, at thirty sous per day, require thus a hundred and eighty thousand francs a day—that is, four and a half millions per month, or fifty-four millions per annum—a sum larger than the whole budget of Paris." He denounced boldly various and terrible abuses in the management of the unprecedented system which has created an immense army, consisting of idlers, old malefactors, sturdy paupers from the provinces, good workmen lured from the regular factories and trades—an army within the walls, and with no military discipline or responsible officers, but not without secret chiefs, who could delude or propel them to any excesses. Many thousands of men, accustomed to hard labor, have lost the habit of exertion, and deserted their families for clubs and tipping-shops; in a few months, he added, the working classes must become universally state-paupers, and, finally, pretorians or janissaries, for the desperate anarchists, if the ateliers should be maintained. M. Faucher's exposition fixed the attention of the assembly; his motion was instantly referred to the committee on the labor question. Recent transactions of and with the ateliers justified and illustrated his views. An order had been issued from the ministry of public works, that the workmen from the provinces should at once return home, being supplied with means of subsistence for a fortnight. They positively refused to stir. It was discovered by the government, that the director in chief of the ateliers, M. Emile Thomas, a young man, sought to frustrate various arrangements of the minister. M. Thomas was summoned to the department, and there required to resign his office, and to set out immediately, under police escort, for Bordeaux. As soon next day as the fact of his arrest transpired, all the ateliers clamored for the deliverance and restoration of their *father*. The minister repaired to them about four o'clock, to expostulate and advise; they declared him *their* prisoner, and a hostage; he was released only on condition that Thomas should not be held in du-rance. The *rappel* was beaten, and a large force despatched to the neighborhood of the assembly. Since, the hotel of the ministry of public works has been placed under the protection of the line and the guards. Throughout the night, alarm prevailed in most quarters of the capital. In the morning, the *Moniteur* announced, officially, that Thomas had received a mission for Bordeaux, and started without delay—that a new director in chief had been duly installed; that the government was animated by notorious and sincere sympathies for the workmen, but *did* think of suppressing the ateliers—which, indeed, could not be maintained; and if disturbance unfortunately should increase, "if culpable intrigues should succeed with the workmen," it would exert all energy and power, to carry into effect any measures deemed advisable. Genuine letters of Thomas are published, in which he complains of the violence practised with him,

and the ateliers are about to protest on this head, and petition against dissolution. All branches of the executive tamper, as it were, with the workmen, and palter in a double sense with the public. A letter from the minister of public works, issued this day, tells us that in the steps taken with M. Thomas, there was nothing to affect his character, as a useful and *honorable* man. The ateliers are invited to a mass-banquet on Friday next, by the anarchical clubs and journals. A collision can scarcely be avoided more than a week or two more; it is thrice lucky that the executive commission, and the citizen classes, are forewarned and forearmed. The workmen at Rouen and Orleans were associated in the conspiracy of Barbes & Co. against the national assembly.

A committee of revolutionary journalists and club-worthies are preparing "a complete biography of the assembly," "the antecedent lives of a large number of the members being unknown to their constituents, as well as to the rest of the world." To bring the body into disrepute is a main effort with several of the factions. It must be admitted, observes an editor, that the press does not *spare* the assembly. Defamation, mutual and universal, may be cited as the common habit, and a dire mischief. I remark among the mushroom journals, one entitled *The Thunderbolt*, and another *Le Bon Dieu*; a third proclaims that the republic must realize heaven, religion, happiness, equality, liberty, and fraternity! Some of them teach, that all vested interests, so called, are contrary to democracy, and were extinguished by the revolution of February. The wounded of the Three Days petition the assembly for an inquiry into the manner in which they were cheated or robbed by the *free corps*, at the Hôtel de Ville, of the public subscriptions for their benefit. On the 16th inst., by an executive decree, a Parisian republican guard was to be formed out of those corps disbanded, at the same time, by another decree. You may judge of them from the titles recited in the *Moniteur*: the *Republican Guard*, the *Montagnards*, the *Lyonnais*, and other like bodies; all pretending to absolute independence on the government, and attaching themselves, at will, to clubs, to the Hôtel de Ville, to the ministry of the interior, and to the prefecture of police; and claiming support out of any funds disposable by right or wrong. The Parisian guard is not yet completely organized. Yesterday an edict appeared, that the officers of every description, and the soldiers of the dissolved free corps, should receive pay until the 10th of next month.

Citizen Caussidière, ex-prefect, and notorious conspirator, who resigned his seat in the assembly at the same time as his office, has come forward as a candidate for reelection. He says, in his address, "Amid the passions of the epoch, one half of Paris, if I had listened to it, would have caused the other to be arrested." He adds that, on the 15th May, "he was excluded from that coöperation which it was incumbent upon all the depositaries of authority to lead to the cause of order."

The executive commission have belied him this day, in the *Moniteur*, by extracts from the records of their sittings on the 14th and 15th. He was formally summoned, but feigned sickness in bed; after the deliverance of the assembly, at ten at night, the commission evoked him again, and, then, in about half an hour, he presented himself, vigorous enough. He promises to publish, soon, a narrative of his administration from the 24th February, when, in fact, he took possession, with his *suite*, of the police department, and compelled the provisional government to acknowledge him as prefect. We shall have a fine elucidation of that *fraternity* to which glowing homage is paid in the resolutions of your meetings and the harangues of your fiery tongues. *Cabet*, head of the communists, who was initiated in the arcana of the revolutionary clubs of the two chief radical journals, the *National* and the *Reform*, before the Three Days of February, is disclosing, in his paper, curious particulars of their composition, feuds, compromises, and final monopoly and division among themselves of power, office, and the national exchequer. Achille Fould, member of a principal banking-house, and an ex-deputy of high rank in monetary questions, has addressed a pamphlet to the assembly on the condition of the public finances. It is an awful disquisition, rendered more so by the official custom-house returns for the three months just past. Fould calculates that the daily deficit—the excess of expenditure over the ordinary receipts—was, for the 268 last days of the monarchical government, seven hundred and sixty thousand francs, with the resource of loans to supply it; but that the daily excess, for the 71 days of the provisional government, has been *two and a half millions of francs*, without that resource, public credit being, if not dead, in suspended animation. By what virtue of anarchy, or necromantic skill, entire national bankruptcy can be averted, let the sanguine augurs divine by the entrails of the victim. A scheme of a mighty bank, for the exchange of indigenous products, without coin or paper as its representative, finds some favor. Patriotic gifts have ceased; they were but a drop in the bucket.

The addresses of many of the candidates for the next elections are of nearly incredible tenor. Count Leon, a reputed bastard of Napoleon, boasts of his glorious illegitimacy, and professes, in the name of his father, unlimited devotion to the democratic cause. Weill, an author of distinction, urges a variety of personal merits and performances, but ends with the declaration that he is utterly indifferent about success; "I care not whether you give or refuse your votes." Citizen de Richemont, *Dauphin of France*, the son of Louis XVI., renounces, for a seat in the assembly, the right which he has so long asserted to the throne of France. Alphonse Esquiros—a writer of considerable talents, whose contributions, on the diversities and asylum of insanity, to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, deserve high appreciation—prostrates himself before the most squalid rags, and

licks the foulest feet of universal suffrage. He denounces the assembly as a second edition of the chamber of Louis Philippe, and the majority of the Parisians as traitors to the revolution. "I have loved people to intoxication; I have worshipped them in the prisons; I am proud of my humble circumstances; I was born in the heroic faubourg St. Antoine, in the midst of its workmen. I foam with a holy indignation," &c.

Paris, 30th May.

Agitation and alarm throughout yesterday; many legions of the guards, and nearly the whole of the garrison of more than forty thousand of all arms, on the alert; the garden of the Tuileries like a *place d'armes*; companies of artillery stationed about the basins and in the groves; formidable array in the Faubourg St. Germain and on the quays adjacent to the palace of the assembly, supposed to be threatened with a visit of the patriots of the ateliers. Between seven and eight in the evening, the *rappel* again beaten, the turbulent groups on the fashionable boulevards dispersed; shouts of *Vive la Ligne*, when the regular squadrons advanced in charging-trim; many arrests, and among the prisoners the commander of the mounted *Guard Mobile* for fabricating appointments of officers. Individuals with arms under their clothes were seized in the galleries of the assembly during the sitting. Rumors prevailed that the ateliers, to revenge at once the abduction of their chief, Thomas, had resolved to cut the gas-pipes, to attack Vincennes with one great division, and try barricades at night in the capital with the other, besides conflagration and pillage in many different and distant quarters in order to distract the attention and forces of the authorities. The case of the ateliers and the instinct of self-preservation have now kept the national guards three days on foot. In the afternoon, in the assembly, explanations of the dealings with Thomas were asked by his personal friends among the members; the minister of public works answered in an able, affecting, manly speech, which overcame all disposition to blame, and gained for his *coup de main* the approval of a very large and earnest majority. Every one became sensible of the arduousness of his task, and of the dimensions of the state-difficulty, with the hosts of the ateliers, who so well understood "the array of riot and the discipline of confusion." The report on the treatment of the case from the committee on labor—a comprehensive survey and resolute specification of remedies—was not less successful than the appeal of the minister. It is proposed that task-work be substituted for the day-system, and all the adventurers from the provinces, who have not been more than three months in the capital, be despatched, *bon gré, mal gré*, to their homes; the ateliers to be otherwise purged, remodelled, and subdivided. The plan may not, however, prove feasible, or, certainly, will not, without a fierce conflict. The noble regiment of cuirassiers, at St. Germain, where I sleep, is held in constant readiness.

The unfortunate subject of the respective attributes and the official relations of the assembly and the executive commission destroyed the anxious calm and politic concert of both parties. A judicious compromise on three heads was ratified freely; but on the point whether the president of the assembly should share the prerogative of directing the military defence of the assembly, a vehement contrariety of sentiment broke out on every side! Ledru-Rollin, the most distrusted of the executive, occupied the tribune, and claimed exclusive control of the military, and unqualified confidence for the commission. He was seconded by the minister of war, General Cavaignac, with sound reasons, and temperate spirit and language. The assembly would at once have yielded, but an ex-deputy, of influence and elocution, reviewed the conduct of the commission in reference to the affair of the 15th, in a way to revive distrust and resentment. To repress the clamor that ensued, the president rang his bell in vain, for a quarter of an hour. Most of the members rushed out at seven o'clock, "panting with sensation, and impatient for their dinners;" and the exciting topic will be further discussed this afternoon. One of the best of the reporters writes—"I left the assembly overcome with the heat, exhausted by fatigue, and stunned with the noise of eight hundred voices at their utmost pitch."

The republic has been recognized in form by Spain and Belgium; but the latter improves and exercises her army of seventy thousand eight hundred men, and prepares herself for defensive and offensive operations. According to a Berlin article of the 25th, a pacific convention has been concluded between Prussia and Denmark. Spain was tolerably quiet; finances chiefly troublesome. Insurrections over continental Greece; Pius IX. not safe at Rome, since the victory of Ferdinand and his lazzaroni at Naples; a Paris journal affirms that the Austrian General Nugent, after beating the Italians under Durando and Antonini, joined Radetsky in Verona, with 18,000 troops. Doubtful. Advices from Italy are far from being clear. In the manifesto of the Emperor of Austria, from the Tyrol, it is said that he will retract none of the popular rights which he has conceded, but will submit to no further violence. Intelligent American travellers, just from Germany, assure me that the Germans are still decidedly monarchical, and the Austrians, in particular, warmly dynastic. The scheme of the new constitution for Prussia is akin to that of Belgium—with more of aristocratic element. In the seventeen articles of the Swiss compact, several provisions of the American constitution are closely copied.

Paris, 31st May, 1848.

Yesterday, some seven or eight pages for you were despatched to the steamer Washington. The matter of the present missive may not be quite so abundant. Comparative tranquillity, from early morning, rejoiced the Parisians, and enabled the national guards and the troops to take a little

repose. Late in the evening, the assemblages of *blouses* at the gates of two of the north-eastern faubourgs, were large but inoffensive. It was not thought necessary to station a considerable force about the national assembly, and the proceedings of this body were temperate and satisfactory in the results.

At four o'clock, a meeting was held in a park to the west within the walls, of the *seven hundred* delegates of the *one hundred and seventeen thousand* workmen of the national ateliers, (*travailleurs embrigadés*.) A new and bold petition to the national assembly was read and voted, and the majority resolved that the new director of the ateliers should be invited to appear before the delegates, and give categorical explanations of the abduction of his predecessor, Monsieur Thomas. He declined the invitation at first, but appeared and explained on conditions. The sub-director carried the unanimous petition to the president of the national assembly. The delegates were a little scandalized in hearing that, in case of tumult on the part of their constituents, the minister of war, General Cavaignac, was resolved to fire on them, first, and would reason with them afterwards if they should so please.

The *procès verbal* of the meeting of the *assembly* of the national ateliers, on the 27th inst., as published officially in the *Jacobin Commune de Paris*, has a curious aspect. The minister of public works was admitted to preside. He had sought an opportunity of exposing the evils of the ateliers, and accounting for the manner in which he had superseded Director Thomas. The brother of this gentleman rose and contradicted the minister in every detail; and then insisted on a reversal of the sentence. "Citizens," exclaimed the minister, "I know not whether I should or can speak further, before such a convocation as this." He then endeavored to proceed with his statements, but the brother of Thomas—"impassioned by fraternal piety"—cried out, "Not a word of the minister is true; he deceives us." "Interrogations, most impetuous, are cast upon the unfortunate chairman, from all sides; many members of the club hold warm discourse with each other; the question is debated whether the minister should be put in *durance*—*en charte privée*." The *procès verbal* continues thus: "The citizen minister persevered in haranguing against the organization of labor, and lacked both ideas and words. Citizen Gibon, a journeyman-shoemaker of Paris, expressed himself with more sense and precision: he showed that the people had earned the public moneys by the barricades; and that the rights of every one had been violated in the treatment of Citizen Thomas, who must, he said, be instantly reinstated. Acclamation. Petition moved, and signed. Meeting adjourned."

About ten o'clock in the morning, we were attracted by a concourse of both sexes on the *Place Vendôme*. The cynosure was a numerous deputation of females, of every age and condition, marching, with a grand banner, to the hotel of the min-

ister of justice, to thank him for having proposed a law of divorce. He received twelve of them in his cabinet and heard the spokes-lady with his best smile. They withdrew, crying, "Long live the protector of divorce!" Some of the male spectators on the *place*, who ventured to gibe the procession, were handled by a detachment of *viragos* so roughly that they fled as soon as they could extricate themselves.

A distinguished Pole, high in my esteem for his learning and refinement, and author of an eloquent tract on the democracy of Europe and the Polish question, called on me yesterday to talk over affairs. I had earnestly dissuaded him from setting out, in March, with the Polish legion that hurried to the Duchy of Posen. He reminded me of my verified predictions. He had just conversed with a group of the refugees who reached this capital last week. They harrowed him by the accounts of their personal sufferings, the sad aspect of their cause, and the antipathy of the Germans. About three hundred have since reached Valenciennes, through Belgium, in a miserable plight. The Belgians proved "torpid," and our executive commission have ordered that the band be kept away from Paris. Sympathy here, is conspiracy; besides, the Poles imagine for themselves an absolute, indefeasible right to all the energies and resources of France.

Your newspapers contain an appeal of the Polish committee at New York to American liberalism, to enable the patriots to embark. The best service which you can render them is to keep them where they are. This counsel is equally applicable to the Irish brigade, and the money voted for the cause of insurrection in Ireland. All would be sacrificed. Poland and the oppressed Emerald Isle must rely on other means than arms; or at least the juncture for a successful struggle is not come.

It is not now disputed that the Polish, German, Belgian, and Italian expeditions from this capital, to revolutionize their several countries, have everywhere injured the flag of republicanism, and occasioned alienation from France. Every attempt from our quarter has experienced utter defeat, from the common indignation of those countries. The French provisional government was obliged to excuse and palliate its connivance, as well as it could.

Lamartine told some of the deputations of overweening foreigners, to the Hotel de Ville, that every nation had a right to repel the interference, within, or from without, of foreigners in her concerns. The diplomatic communications which he read, when addressing the assembly on the Italian question, and the debates at Turin and Milan, show that Italy was not at all inclined to ask French coöperation. Even the radical Vorort of Switzerland, alarmed at the manifestations of the Swiss democratic club in Paris, disclaimed league or sympathy with the revolution of February. The speech of the president is a remarkable document. It is thought by the diet, that, in revolutions—

however lawful on the whole—the end does not always justify the means; and that, in demolishing or creating governments, there are modes and agencies which all regular and principled communities and governments should discountenance. We may presume that the enthusiasm of the American cities—quite natural—was single-minded; without any alloy; but we see American letters and editorial articles in the London papers, which ascribe the emulation of homage to French transformation and Irish patriotism, in part to “electioneering ruse”—to the habit of making political capital out of all occasions of the kind. For the preservation of a sound moral sense—as important for nations as individuals—it is necessary to inquire whether our sudden sympathies and explosive predilections be just and consistent. Upon reflection, fervent praise and solemn compliment might not seem due to a people, for merely abstaining from general proscription, butchery, and pillage, of *each other*, after demolishing a government created by themselves, and consisting of their own flesh and blood—the same people being universally armed and on the alert for mutual aggression or repression. We can understand any tribute of admiration to the northern Italians, who fight desperately to expel a foreign sceptre, or to the Arab Abd-el-Kader, now a prisoner at Pau, who, so many years, so gallantly and skilfully contended against the subjugation of his race by a foreign invader. The people to be honored and felicitated are those who, like the Americans, have never submitted to tyranny, and have tranquilly practised and gloriously enjoyed the free institutions which it needed the true spirit and intelligence of Christian liberty and social welfare to devise and establish. What peculiar merit is discoverable in not going to war, when there is no provocation—when no enemy is prepared or disposed to fight—when domestic motives, the strongest possible, abound for keeping the peace? Much political philosophy may be educed from the recent events and phases in Europe; but I reserve it for a sequel not very remote. A deal will have been gained for popular freedom on the continent, although the old royalties should survive. Possibly, in the end, the revolution of France will have produced more benefit to other nations than to herself.

An able editor remarks that in France, on the ruins of all public authority, two great powers have arisen—one, the national assembly, moral and political; the other, of *arms*, the national guard and the line united. These are the only reliable defences against anarchy, civil war, and universal disorder. But the assembly, he adds, is the sheet-anchor of mercy. Hence, the transcendent importance of keeping it in full repute and strength. The London oracles and the Paris press judge it with too little consideration and indulgence. If we dwell on its composition, numbers, situation in Paris, and the condition of affairs at the period of its meeting, we may be surprised that, within three weeks, it has organized itself so well, and prepared so much useful work and

inquiry. Every one may lament the source of distraction and weakness opened in the formation, out of door, of clubs of its members, of the different *nuances* or shades of party. The divisions are scarcely yet defined or substantiated; but these clubs tend to give them distinct being and direction; in one, some two hundred representatives have pledged themselves, in writing, to support the executive commission and the ministry; from another, all the members of the old chambers are excluded. “These associations,” observes a republican candidate for the assembly—a former editor of the *National*—“will have their adherents or factions in the city, their several banded forces; they will undertake to govern the ministries and the assembly; they have no sufficient excuse; the representatives can know and consult each other by means of the many standing and special committees, and of the daily intercourse of all; they have scope and liberty in the tribune and the ballot-urn for every aim and idea; their true and sole lawful club is the assembly itself. We cannot forget what evils resulted from the direct connection of our first revolutionary legislators with the external action of parties.” Perhaps, the members of your American legislatures might deserve a lecture on this head. The central committee of the Paris clubs propose a subscription for the erection of an immense amphitheatre wherein twenty or thirty thousand of the people may congregate at any time, to deliberate on public affairs. All the clubs and the ateliers are to furnish money and labor.

Paris, June 1, 1848.

In the afternoon of yesterday, the armed bodies in the neighborhood of the assembly were considerably reinforced: at night, various large gatherings on the boulevards occupied the police. The executive commission announces that it will speedily submit to the assembly bills for the proper management of *attroupements* and *placards*. They must be restrained, if not prohibited, or calm and order cannot return. A prosecution has been directed against the printer of a *placard* which recommends the Prince de Joinville as a candidate for the assembly. It is asserted and believed that Louis Napoleon, the would-be emperor, was in Paris on the 29th May, and compelled, again, by the government, to hie to London. Every principal journal offers its list for the elections. The department of the Seine has to elect eleven representatives on the 5th instant. There is a probability of the success of Thiers, Charles Dupin, and General Changarnier—valuable accessions. Close attention is lent to the executive commission's report on the insurrection of the 15th ultimo. It forms chiefly an apology for themselves, and an impeachment of the ex-prefect of police, Caussidière. More about it when we have his narrative and recrimination. As every day is said to have its danger, so has every day its disclosures. Curious materials for history are supplied by contrivers and actors in the three days of February,

who claim credit, as rivals, for revolutionary prowess and service. You shall get the substance of their publications in due season. The assembly are a little relieved, as the directory have conceded the power which was enacted for the chairman to summon the military force, directly, for the protection of the sovereign body, on emergencies, of which he is to be the judge. Lamartine delivered, in the tribune, a conciliatory, compliant speech. The *Journal des Débats* remarks: "The assembly and the executive are dissatisfied with each other, but will not avow why, and do not wish to part. No one utters all that he really thinks." Our northern provinces have spontaneously combined plans by which, in a few hours, fifty thousand of their national guards can be thrown into the capital in aid of the assembly. It is a comfort to find common in the electioneering addresses, such sentiments as the following in that of the chief editor of "*La Liberté*:" "I am for the *tri-colored flag* against the *bonnet rouge*; for 1848 against 1793; for Lamartine against citizens Barbes, Blanqui, and consorts; for the national assembly against the armed clubs; for the national guards against the anarchists; in fine, for the real workmen against the disorganizers of labor." Your public convocations that have sent or may send liberty-caps hither, should learn that the red—the *bonnet Phrygien*—is detested by all the respectable classes, though it have a chance of welcome from the clubs.

The hierarch of the disorganizers, Louis Blanc, member of the late provisional government, and apostle of the Luxembourg, was placed yesterday afternoon in a critical predicament. The president of the assembly read to the house a request from the law officers (sturdy republicans) to be authorized to include another of the representatives, Louis Blanc, in the prosecution for the conspiracy by which the national sovereignty was assailed on the 15th ultimo. They alleged violent presumptions and weighty evidence against him. You could not conceive the excitement and tumult that ensued. He entered the tribune, pale and half mad with rage and fright. He cast the lie on all his accusers; he admonished the assembly that they would soon be invoked to revive the punishment of death, which would be suicidal, because they would destroy each other. Bitter contradictions were exchanged between him and a multitude of the members on the floor. On the whole, his passionate and pointed denials of any privacy, connection, or participation whatever, produced an impression in his favor. The minister of justice stated that the executive stood aloof in the question, and proposed that the assembly should retire into the committee-rooms, where it might be less tempestuously treated. Finally, a committee of eighteen was appointed to examine and report. The request of the law officers is not likely to be granted, because additional excitement might prove of general detriment. Few doubt that Blanc and Ledru-Rollin would have associated themselves to the victors, if the conspiracy had triumphed. The

assembly do not sit this (Ascension) day—a prescriptive holiday. The stock of the Bank of France declined yesterday in the market. It was apprehended that the government would carry a loan—or an emission of some hundred millions of the notes, for which government stock would be given; and the idea or belief prevailed of a deficit of a hundred millions in the ordinary budget of this year, 1848, ascertained by the committee on the finances. Lyons is still disturbed. New popular disturbances at Berlin on the 26th ultimo. The minister of foreign affairs yesterday disclaimed the notion of going to war with the government of Naples on account of any of her internal revolutions. Her army, despatched to the succor of the Lombards, has refused to return, and her squadron has coalesced with the Sardinian in blockading Trieste. A decisive battle between Marshal Radetsky, with 50,000 troops, and Charles Albert, with his united and ardent legions, was expected before Verona. Success to the side of national spirit and independence!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

"THE DIPLOMATIC AND OFFICIAL PAPERS OF DANIEL WEBSTER, while Secretary of State," have just been issued, in a fair octavo of 392 close pages, by the Harpers. These Papers treat of the North-Eastern Boundary; the Suppression of the Slave Trade; Maritime Rights; the Case of the Caroline; that of Alexander McLeod; the Right of Search; the Ashburton Treaty; Relations with Mexico; Do. with Spain; Sound Dues at Elsinore, the Zoll Verein, &c., &c. These topics possess a deep and abiding interest, which the great ability of Mr. Webster is calculated to extend and enhance. His correspondents and antagonists also were generally men of mark; and the book is altogether one which will command a place in every comprehensive library. An accurate map of the north-eastern section of the Union, with the contiguous portions of British America, showing the conflicting claims and final settlement of the boundary, is a valuable addition, while a half-length portrait of Mr. Webster faithfully presents the most massive and majestic head in the wide world. This is a book for grave readers mainly, but they will know how to study and prize it.—*Tribune*.

Circumstances affecting Individual and Public Health. By CHARLES E. BUCKINGHAM, M. D.

This is a lecture recently delivered before the Suffolk Lodge of Odd Fellows. But it is a valuable discourse for general reading, and there is not probably more than one in one hundred of our fellow-citizens to whom the information contained in its pages is an old story. Dr. Buckingham has not only done himself credit, but has deserved well of his neighbors in telling them so simply and intelligibly what they have forgotten, or never knew, on the important subjects of proper ventilation, good drainage, pure air, and pure water, and the deplorable effects of the opposites of all these things. Though appearing in a modest form and manner, the discourse is not surpassed in value by anything heretofore published in this country on the same subjects.—*Post*.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.